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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

FEBRUARY 1920

1/6 Net MONTHLY

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Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
Stephen Southwold
Harold Blind
Ivan Alan Seymour
F. A. Wright
Hugh l'A. Fausset

A Lady of the Ballet — Arthur Symons
The Yellow Stalagmite — Dr. Marie Stopes
The Future of Marriage — Observer
The Downfall of Old Europe — Robert Briffault
The Core of Poetry — Mary Webb
The Old Dovecote — David Garnett
The Team Spirit in Industry — Malcolm Sparkes
Critics and Syndicates — Thomas Moult
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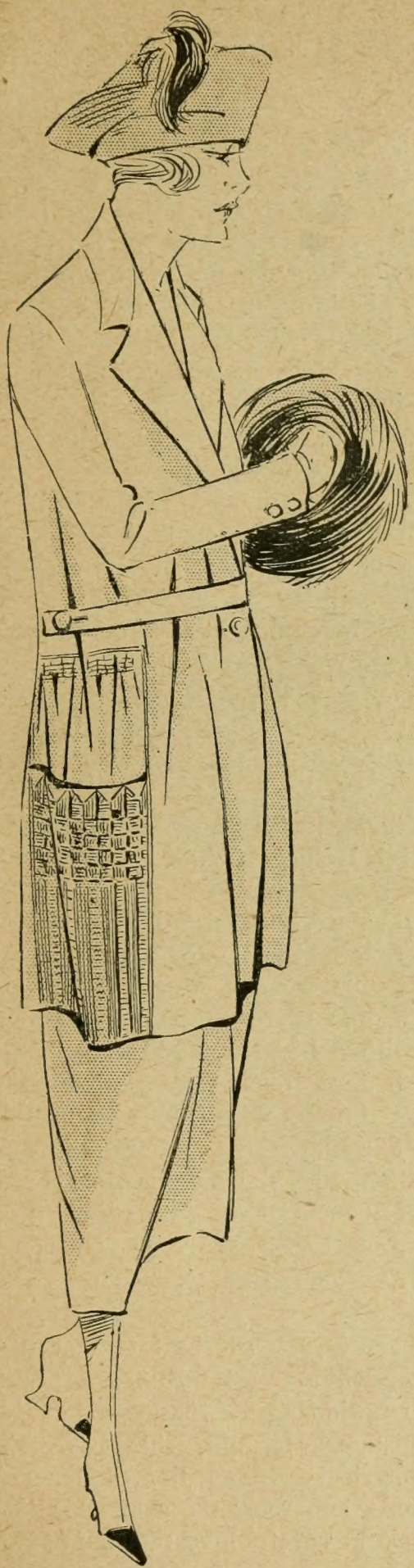

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Personalia.

¶ There are some things which we must have of our very own—we can, for example, play upon other people's pianos or billiard tables, and eat with other folks' knives and forks, but who ever felt at home with another person's pen? One has only to look at one's handwriting to see that idiosyncracy is its essence—the style may be the man, but the stylus is only an extension of his personality; hence the personal pen is no mere luxury, but a true necessity if we are to write simply, easily, and well. A lifelong tool such as the personal pen should be chosen well; it should have all the qualities, safety from leaks, swiftness in starting, lightness and durability—it should be capable of surviving minor mishaps, and, above all, it should be made simply and without complex and unnecessary parts. These are some of the desiderata attained by the great original Fountain pen—now called fount pen, or, briefly, Swan. No amount of advertising would have given the Swan its pre-eminent position without the solid qualities which honest work, best material, and ingenuity have brought about. The Swan has stood all the tests in war as well as in peace, and it is made with variations of point, capacity, and embellishment to suit all sorts of users and purses, but first, last, and all the time, the Swan is a bit of personal equipment which saves time, trouble, and temper. If in doubt, get a "Swan." Messrs. Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd., will send an illustrated catalogue post free on request to them at 79 and 80 High Holborn, W.C.

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"Tatcho"

¶ Everybody in middle life has been struck by the fact that to-day the physiological changes of advancing maturity are far less apparent than they were a generation ago—stoutness, inactivity, and other indices have almost disappeared, and, what was perhaps the most common form of physical deterioration, baldness, is becoming more and more rare. The reason for all this is undoubtedly improved hygiene, plus the careful investigation of causa-

TO ALL MEN

WE appeal to all men to recognise the great spiritual force of love which is found in all and which makes us all one common brotherhood. In spite of sacrifice and devotion there is dissatisfaction and unrest in all lands. Consciously or unconsciously men are seeking for a new way of life. They cry for a bond which shall unite the world in freedom, righteousness and love; that shall liberate it from its suffering, its hatreds, its disunion. They cry for a religion of life, for an active spirit of peace on earth, of goodwill to men.

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We have used the words of Christ, but we have not acted upon them. We have called ourselves by His name, but we have not lived in His Spirit. Nevertheless the Divine Seed is in all men. As men realise its presence, and follow the light of Christ in their hearts, they enter upon the right way of life and receive power to overcome evil by good. Thus will be built the City of God.

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tion, and the discovery of efficient remedies. Amongst the latter "Tatcho" holds high place; it is, in fact, one of the few new words of power; generally recognised in the bright lexicon of middle age, and the fact that a personality so gifted and astute as Mr. George R. Sims, with his unique position amongst his contemporaries, is the guarantor of "Tatcho's" genuine and remarkable powers of renewing the growth of hair, and giving nature a fresh start, is enough to commend this well-established compound to our serious attention. Thanks to a competent business organisation, the prescription has been placed at the disposal of the public upon extremely easy terms; it can be found wherever civilisation penetrates, ready to hand, and many thousand men and women bear silent but constant testimony to its beneficial efficiency, but if spoken and written gratitude is sought for by the sceptical this is also to be found a thousandfold.

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Photo by] [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

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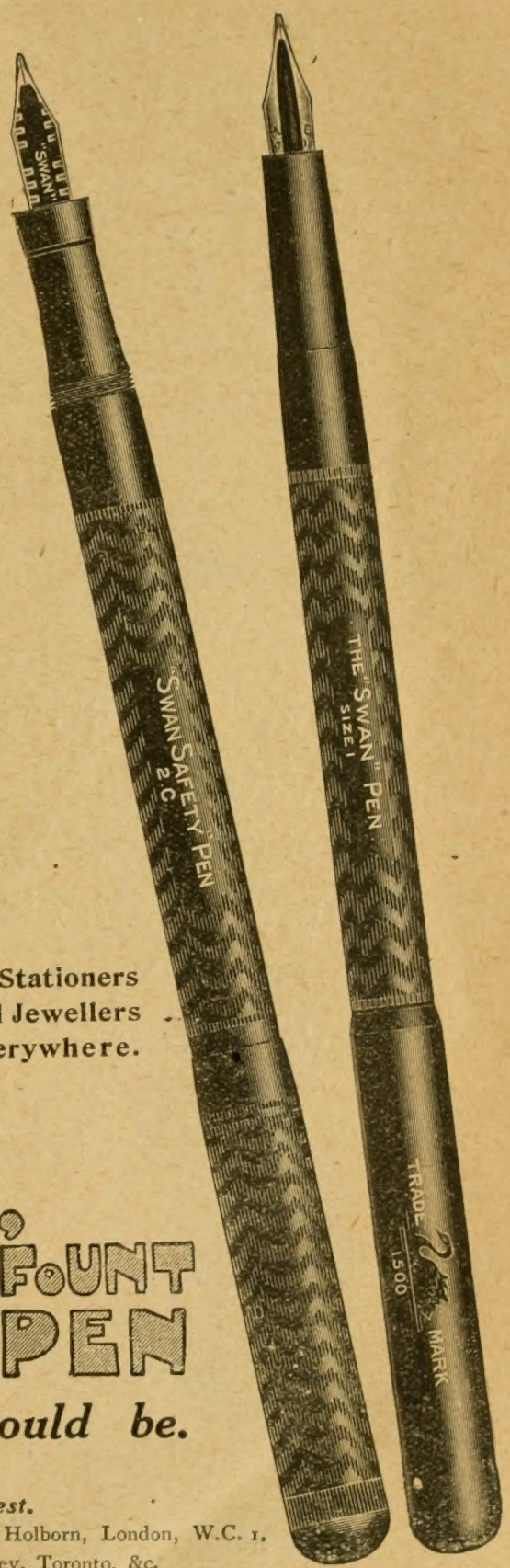

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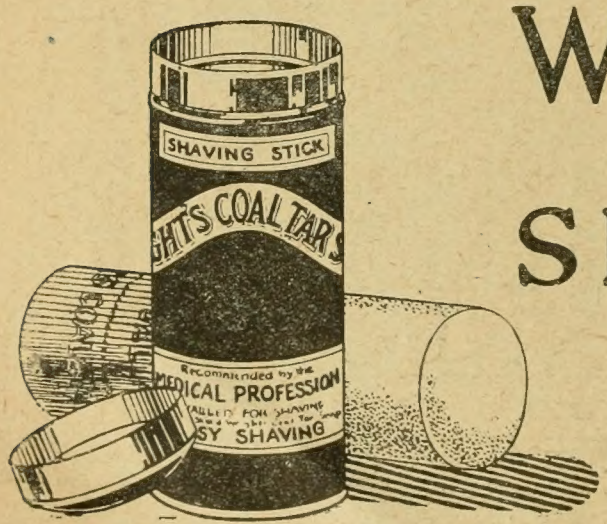

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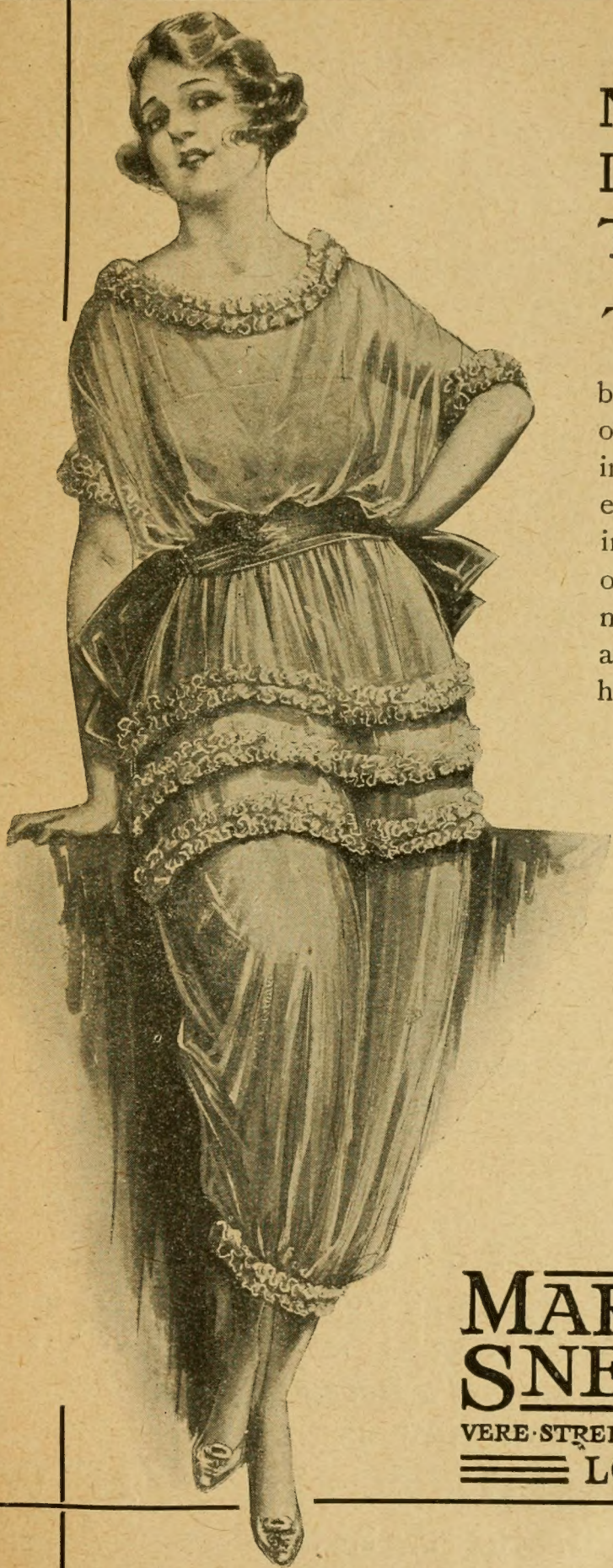

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CONTRIBUTORS—FEBRUARY ISSUE.

MURIEL STUART has already contributed in this REVIEW some very fine poetry.

Dr. MARIE STOPES is the author of the much talked about book "Married Love."

ROBERT BRIFFAULT is a New Zealand doctor who saw a lot of the War. His recent book "The Making of Humanity" was a remarkable work.

MALCOLM SPARKES is well known in the Labour World.

DAVID GARNETT is the son of the well-known critic and writer, Mr. EDWARD GARNETT.

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THERE have been many stirring events in Glasgow's history. Here is depicted the disturbance which took place in 1689 in the High Church Yard between the Covenanters and Episcopalians. In later and more tranquil times Glasgow introduced to the pipe-loving world the soothing and fascinating charms of "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE"

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LIGHTER THAN AIR.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IF we could always permit ourselves never to be serious it would be a beautiful world.

To express laughter is tedious, but when a woman laughs it is an expressive "He! He!"

Is it possible for the mind to become too clever? Perhaps! But then one can always lose it. And only the few deserve the joy of madness.

In a mixed *tête-à-tête* it is a fascinating occupation to separate the chaff from the wit.

A pretty person, who failed to excite in me any physical appeal, was complimentary and called me a "buffoon." She was right! I did not make love, so, of course, to her I was a "buffoon."

The emotion of a fat fool is merely a voluptuous vomit.

Politically, I incline to the belief that England is suffering from fatty degeneration of the Art.

They told us the war was a war for Freedom. Poor Freedom! Freedom must have lost.

I do not tell the truth simply because of the love of it; but my fighting spirit cannot resist the magnificent challenge.

Why value applause? The bawls of the multitude are the mere expression of tragic impotence.

The world is over-populated with dead minds.

It is better to have loved and won, than never to have two and lost.

MASTERS AND MISTRESSES

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of Pictures, including "The Original Jazz," "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17" × 12", at 1s. each.

One has to learn to love a few or become an anchorite and find oneself. Am I unselfish or ambitious?

The beauty of my virtuous emotion towards some women amazes me, until I analyse the virtue of desire.

Pity the poor provider. I must live joyfully, and be luxuriously lazy. That is why I write subtle advertisements instead of original plays.

I live in a sublime state of unsettled subtlety. (Curse these alliterations, I can't keep away from them. But they breed themselves naturally. I do not manufacture.)

My correspondents are legion. "Your style is so singular," writes one; "I like your square talk," says another. But both are wrong, for I sometimes write in the circular plural.

A woman wears a halo when she cannot wear beautiful clothes.

Some of us are born light; some achieve lightness; and some have ethereal things thrust upon them.

"To argue with you is useless," said an irritated charmer to me one day; "it is like water on a duck's back." She lacked the grace to say that it was like champagne on a bird of paradise's tail

If one leads a devil of a life one must at least have the courtesy to give Satan a warm handshake in the whereafter.

To keep one's mind fresh and clean it is necessary to change it at least as often as one changes one's underclothing.

It is possible that a woman can fool all men some of the time; it is probable she can fool some men all the time; but she would only acknowledge to her intimates that she can fool all men all the time ("Hell," said the Duke).

Only supermen are strong enough to bear the truth. The sensitive soul of woman does not aspire to Herculean occupation.

I am tired of clothes, and bored with food; but I shall always need shelter; therefore, I must casually mention that Pope and Bradley continue to make good clothes at almost altruistic prices. Lounge Suits, from £10 10s. Dinner Suits, from £14 14s. Overcoats, from £10 10s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

FEBRUARY, 1920

The New Aspasia

By Muriel Stuart

IF I have given myself to you and you,
And if these pale hands are not virginal,
Nor these bright lips beneath your own lips true,
What matters it? I do not stand or fall
By your old foolish judgments of desire:
If this were Helen's way it is not mine;
I bring you beauty, but no Troys to fire:
The cup I hold brims not with Borgia's wine.
You, so soon snared of sudden brows and breasts,
Lightly you think upon these lips, this hair.
My thoughts are kinder: you are pity's guests:
Compassion's bed you share.

It was not lust delivered me to you;
I gave my wondering mouth for pity's sake;
For your strange, sighing lips I did but break
Many times this bread, and poured this wine anew.
My body's woven sweetness and kindling hair
Were given for heal of hurts unknown of me;
For something I could slake but could not share.
Sudden and rough and cruel I let you be;
I gave my body for what the world calls sin,
Even as for your souls the Nazarene
Gave once. Long years in pity I and He
Have served you—Jesus and the Magdalen.

As on the river in the fading light
A rust-red sail across the evening creeps,
Torching the gloom, and slowly sinks from sight,
The blood may rise to some old face at night,
Remembering old sins before it sleeps.
So might you hence recall me, were I true
To your sad violence. Were I not free
So me you might remember now; but you
Were no more loved by me
Than clouds at sunset, or the wild bird going
About his pleasure on the apple tree,
Or wide-blown roses swelling to the bee;
No sweeter than flowers suddenly found growing
In frost-bound dells, or, on the bare, high hills,
The gold, unlaced, dew-drunken daffodils
Shouting the dawn, or the brown river flowing
Down quietly to the sea;
Or day in twilight's hair bound safe and dim,
Stirless in lavender, or the wind blowing,
Tumbling the poppy's turban after him.

I knew you as I knew these happy things,
Passing, unwept, on wide and tranquil wings
To their own place in nature; below, above,
Transient passion with its stains and stings;
For this strange pity that you knew not of
Was neither lust nor love.

Do not repent, nor pity, nor regret.
I do not seek your pardon, nor give you mine.
Pass by, be silent, drop no tears, forget,
Return not, make no sign
When I am dead, nor turn your lips away
From Phryne's silver limbs and Faustine's kiss.
I need no pity. No word of pity say.
I have given a new sweet name and crown to this
That served men's lust and was Aspasia.

Neighbours

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

I

Phœbe Ellis.

The little bell still sounds as true and clear
As when she rang it standing at the door;
And still the happy children when they hear
Run in from play, though she will ring no more.

But whether they remember, as they storm
The threshold, who once rang it, none can tell,
Nor if for them each night her ghostly form
From some dim threshold tinkles a ghostly bell.

II

Ellen Chandler.

As drowsily she lay in bed
And watched the sunlight dance and quiver
On the slant ceiling overhead,
And hearkened to the singing river,
She wondered who last watched the light
From off the singing water glancing
On the low ceiling's curded white
In golden rings and eddies dancing,

And even as she wondered, heard
A voice between a sigh and shiver,
Though nothing in the chamber stirred:
"Where comes no sound of singing river
I lie, who lay where you lie now,
Daughter, and watched that golden glancing—
Cold darkness heavy on my brow,
And done, the dazzle and the dancing!"

III

MARGARET DEAN.

When we broke in the lamp was burning still
With clear and steady light,
Although the noonday blazed on heath and hill,
But in her eyes was night.

Their flame that had out-braved the stress and care
Of hope and fear and doubt
In the long quiet of the last despair
Had gently flickered out.

Væ Victis, 1920

(A Right Merry Rime of Hunger)

By Stephen Southwold

THREE shapes sate under an olive tree,
(Nigh were new roods of Calvary),
The vast dead stirred as they did cry:
The Great Men live but the children die.

The first dread shape that Famine hight,
Lean as a wolf, grey as night;
Laughed for the mothers' breasts run dry;
The Great Men live but the children die.

Pestilence was the second shape,
Few rags his sores to drape;
O, bellies! young bellies to crucify!
The Great Men live but the children die.

The third dread shape was Father Death;
Unto me, unto me, he saith;
Yea, I suffer them, even I;
The Great Men live but the children die.

The Rhyme of the Discharged Soldier

By Harold Blind

No more I'll hear my comrades
March, singing, up the Line;
Nor drink with more than brothers
Those quarts of good French wine;
And I did not ride with the Tenth Brigade
To hold the River Rhine.

No more I'll force
A sweating horse
To face a bursting shell—.
Nor ride, alone, by the marching stars,
To hear what the night winds tell;
Nor see in the blaze of the rising sun
The lands where the heroes dwell.

But all the old life gave to me
You give a thousandfold. . . .
The roar of guns, the songs of men,
The sunsets red and gold;
The flame-lit snow, the peace of dawn,
The drums that called the bold,
When first across the fields of France
The tides of battle rolled.

You are the brave—the beautiful—
The great, the true ideal.
The kiss of a dying comrade,
The flash of sunlit steel,
The love of men and horses,
The love of man and wife,
Are concentrated in your eyes,
My friend, my heart, my Life!

Just a Dream

By Ivan Alan Seymour

Last night a vision came to me—
  A glimpse of bliss—
A vision fair as Heav'n must be;
  And it was this:
A girl in black, with outstretched arms
  And tender smile,
Did stoop with wistful grace—as palms
  Stoop to the Nile.

Her skin was white as driven snow;
  Her hair jet black;
Her vast brown eyes with love aglow—
  'Twas dream'd, alack!
She came. With proffered lips she knelt
  Beside my couch.
Then closed her eyes—and lo, I felt
  Her pulsing touch.

We kissed as only lovers dare,
  That girl and I;
And then she went. . . . I woke, to stare;
  To sob; to sigh.

For this, I know, can never be.
  I love; and yet
Alas! she does not pity me
  My love—Annette. . . .

A Song

By F. A. Wright

O PLUCK no more the rose
In Persian gardens gay,
Nor scarlet lotus choose
By lakes of far Cathay.
My Delia's lips more fragrant are
That all the flowers of Alcazar.

O seek no more the land
Where ancient jewels gleam,
Green jade of Samarcand,
Red rubies from Pereem.
My Delia's eyes more brightly shine
Than any stone in Indian mine.

Acceptance

By Hugh l'A. Fausset

UPON a spot calamitous and sheer,
A dizzy pinnacle of utmost earth,
Where only clouds obscurely shape to birth
Out of the heaven's vast and shoreless mere,
I have exulted in a holy fear
To be amidst an elemental dearth
The master of so impotent a mirth,
A jester in the frown of things austere.

Till, as my laughter swung from peak to peak,
Throughout the disused belfries of dumb space,
It seemed that for a startled moment's while
The dark-browed promontories began to speak,
The wrinkled heaven to smooth its anxious face,
And every crag to break into a smile.

Notes on the Sensations of a Lady of the Ballet

By Arthur Symons

"DIANE CHASSERESSE!" I cried as I sat one night at the Alhambra, in the days before I had begun to haunt it, watching the ballet of *Temptation*. The white girl in her boyish dress of pure white flitted across the stage bringing with her I knew not what sensation—strangeness, distinction, and enigmatic and perhaps delusive coldness—into the surcharged atmosphere of the piece.

On the first introduction, Cassy looked at me with curiosity, not, I thought, with disfavour; and she accompanied me readily enough to the historic "Crown," where young England—poets, painters, and others—had the friendly habit of meeting, most nights in the week, and where æsthetics and metaphysics are discussed (after Alhambra hours) to the accompaniment of the cheerful chatter of Alhambra ladies. I accompanied her to her door afterward (she lived, I found, in a court almost opposite to the Alhambra), and I should have fancied that first evening a success but for a word that she let fall just as we were parting. I lived in the Temple, I had said, casually enough; and she started, and, looking at me, said with great earnestness: "Did I know Mr. Black of the Middle Temple?"

It was only gradually that I found out all the history of Mr. Black. I came now with a certain regularity to the stage-door, and Cassy was always moving up and down the pavement, gazing uneasily and expectantly in every direction, pausing at the corner of Bear Street, at the corner of Green Street, crossing the road, returning. She admitted that she was waiting for someone; it was only very rarely that a tall, dark man came along; taking her eager arm with a certain sullenness, as I fancied. But she would always wait; sometimes she would talk to me, sometimes I was dis-

missed with a final yet perfectly courteous severity. When she felt most certain of her friend she would put on her prettiest dresses; and her dresses were marvels of dainty originality, always quiet, always fashionable, always personal to herself. She hated waiting, she confessed to me; and I wondered at the carelessness of the man more and more, as I realised that the girl I had admired in her stage make-up was even more beautiful without it. Her face, without its paint, was of a clear white, her eyes a dark brown, her hair and her eyelashes the deepest black, and her talk, which with me at least was perfectly genuine after that first night, came to interest me extraordinarily.

After a time she admitted me to be a sort of confidant, and in her good moments she would analyse herself for my benefit. On the whole, she was profoundly serious; yet not without a sense of the comedy of her proceeding, and I had always to exaggerate the solemnity of my manner of receiving her confidences, so alive was she to the possibility of being ridiculous. She soon referred very frankly to Mr. Black, and I found, with regret, that a passionate steadfastness in affection was not the least deeply rooted of her Southern qualities. Occasionally I would hear of rows, of which I was the cause, and for a few nights she would do no more than speak to me in passing. But, without ever encouraging me, she never went so far as to give me my dismissal; and I felt that it pleased her to have me coming there for the sake of seeing her. And with her paint, her wig, her tights, her stage costume, she seemed to put on a new and freer spirit—gay, mocking, and whimsical. In the street there was always the possibility of Mr. Black: on the stage Mr. Black was never realised as a presence, rarely referred to. But I think after all her most curious confidences were made to me in the street. I had often to wait for them long. I had to endure many discomforts, to linger in archways and at the edge of pavements. But I adapted myself to the odd situation; with, perhaps, a certain method in my madness (but drawn, certainly, by an irresistible attraction for so curious, so difficult a creature) I came night after night, and if I made slow progress in my attack on her heart, I learnt much, at all events, about her soul.

One night she said to me quite suddenly—interrupting

something I was saying: "I have been reading *Romeo and Juliet*."

"And what do you think of it?" I asked.

"I don't think it's true. People don't really love like that, they don't both love like that. I have noticed many times that what generally happens is—a man loves a girl, and she loves somebody else, and he doesn't care for her."

Cassy had never heard of Heine: but what did that matter when she could quote him like that without knowing it? I demurred to the sentiment, out of politeness and for reasons. Then she plunged into matters of experience and began her usual self-analysis.

"When my friend is away I long for him, and when he comes I sometimes wish he wasn't there. When he stays away for a long time I get so angry with him, and think of all sorts of hard things to say to him, and then when he comes I only say: 'Oh, there you are!'"

While she talked Cassy was looking round as usual, glancing anxiously up and down the roadway and occasionally tapping her umbrella with a vicious emphasis on the pavement.

"I am angry," she said, "to-night. He promised he would come, and he doesn't come, and there's no letter."

And she gave a great sigh, ending in a whimsical smile, as she looked up into my face.

"I am always put out," she went on, "and it's no use, and it only makes me thin. The other day someone was going to take me to see Buffalo Bill—not my friend, but somebody else—and I was so delighted. I wanted to make myself look nice as I could, and it took me two hours to do my hair and dress. Well, he didn't come, and in the evening his brother came round and told me that he couldn't come, that he had been called away to see a sick friend. I was so angry, and the man looked quite amused—he was very tall, and he looked down on me and smiled. I hated him because he could look down on me—I would have stood on my parasol if I could! And then, afterwards, I saw him in front and he was smiling, as if he was pleased. I should like to have torn off my head-dress and thrown it at him. I ought not to get in such tempers, but I can't help it. I used to do dreadful things when I was a little girl: I can restrain myself more now. One day when I was in a great

temper—oh, an *awful* temper—I caught sight of my face in the glass, and I was quite frightened. I didn't know my own face. It looked dreadful. It was very white, and the mouth went out in a long line. I threw something at the glass and broke it."

One wet night, as we stood under the archway leading into her court, she told me something about her life.

"How old do you think I am?" she said. "I am seventeen—between seventeen and eighteen. Did you think I was twenty?"

I told her that I had always fancied her to be nineteen."

"Some people think me twenty-five," she went on. "It's the way I talk, I suppose. Nobody thinks I am so young. That's what comes of having an admirer too young. I was only fifteen then. Isn't that very young? Well, I have had to suffer for it."

"You have gained experience," I suggested; and she admitted that she had gained experience. We spoke of Mr. Black of the Middle Temple.

"I thought there was nobody like him in the world," she said.

"Well, but really," I asked, "is he really very wonderful? I don't know Mr. Black, you know."

"Well, I thought so," she said; "he was a god once. I am beginning to find out that I have made a mistake It is dreadful to find out that you were all wrong about people. That has happened to me before."

"Before?" I queried.

"Yes, I'll tell you. There was a girl at the theatre—she's there now, and she dresses beside me—that I used to be very fond of three years ago. We were the best of friends, always together, and I was so fond of her I would have given my life for her. Oh, I used to save up my money to buy things for her—I used to do things for her—and she always made a lot of me. There was a man in the orchestra then, a Frenchman, who was very fond of me and used to take me about. Sometimes the girl would be with us. One night, after the ballet, he said to me: 'You'll excuse me to-night, dear, I can't take you to have a drink; I have to go somewhere.' 'All right,' I said, 'I can get on all right by myself.' I got out rather early, and as I was strolling round before going home I came upon him and

Annie going along together. They looked quite stupid at seeing me, but I thought they had happened to meet, and that it meant nothing. The next day I went into a shop to have an ice-cream, and there was he and Annie. Still I didn't think anything of it. But that night they went off together arm in arm. Next night in the dressing-room I said to Annie: 'Don't come near me!' but she only laughed. I didn't know what I was doing, and I was very slight, but I held her so tight that she couldn't speak. I nearly strangled her. Afterwards I felt sorry for it, but I wouldn't speak to her again. It wasn't long before the man went away, and when he came back after six months he came round to me again. I had changed a little, and I suppose I was more to his taste, for he asked me to marry him. I knew what I would do, but I let him think I would be friendly with him again. I wanted to punish Annie as well as him. We were to be married, and to go abroad together. One day, when he thought it was all settled, I turned on him like that, and snapped my fingers in his face. 'Do you think I would ever marry you?' I said. 'Do you think I would ever believe a word you said? Have you forgotten all about Annie? I haven't forgotten it. I wouldn't marry you for the world!' and I laughed in his face. He got furious, and he swore he'd shoot me if he ever saw me with another man. Next night I let him see me with—with the gentleman I have told you about. When he saw me he tried to slink away, but I went up to him, and I snapped my fingers in his face. 'Why don't you shoot me?' I said. 'I thought you were going to shoot me if you saw me with another man. Why don't you try now?' He turned quite white, like a beaten cur, and his knees shook. The girl dresses by my side now, and, of course, we have to speak to one another, but I never could be friends with her again, though she has tried to make it up. I couldn't believe her after that, and yet I would give anything if I could only be friends with her again. I feel just the same about her as I did before. But I couldn't."

She told me the story quietly, with an occasional emphasis and a flash of those dangerous brown eyes, which burn with so strange, so steady a flame in the clear pallor of her face.

"They say that seventeen is the happiest time of one's

life. I hope it isn't true. I hope I am going to be happier than I am now. And yet I oughtn't to grumble. I have nearly everything I could wish for—in my station in life. I have a mother who is devoted to me, and who is always working for me—I don't want her to, but she will. She has a strong will, like her daughter. She's the best mother that anyone ever had. She's more to me than anyone in the world. A year ago I mightn't have said that, but I say it now. Ah, there she is. I must say good-night to you."

And she held out her little soft hand, so warm, white, and soft. I left the archway and went out into the rain, reaching the familiar bar where my friends had been so long expecting me, just five minutes before closing time.

Two nights after I was again at the Alhambra. I watched the first two scenes of *Don Juan* from the front, and I soon saw that something was wrong with Cassy. She moved languidly, and her face had a fixed, almost tragic expression. I went behind as the third scene was beginning, and at the end, as the girls trooped past me coming off I plucked Cassy's white sleeve. She turned, and in her most expressionless way shook hands and took her place by my side. No, she was all right, there was nothing the matter with her, but she had set her heart on getting off early—someone was coming to meet her—and she might have to go on in the second ballet. I tried to divert her thoughts as she waited her chance of speaking to the stage-manager, and when he came along we were, as usual, in a corner of the stage all by ourselves, talking earnestly. She said ballets were stupid. I said not all, and I told her of my ballet. I admitted that it was not arranged yet where it was to be given, but I had no doubt I should get it taken. "I always succeed," I said.

"I think you do," she said, and then, with her most whimsical smile—"not always."

"This is really very distressing," said the stage-manager waggishly as he passed us, and Cassy, with a fine gesture of appeal, clapping her raised hands, begged that she might be let off. He didn't know, he would see, and, hoping against hope, Cassy said, "I'll go and undress," and dashed upstairs. Presently I saw her with no paint on her face, in the Dutch dress of the second ballet. Her prayers had been of no

avail. I went in front and watched her as she glided, a pallid figure, through the brief measures of the concluding piece.

When we reached the stage-door she was already walking up and down the pavement, with a savage impatience at being disappointed. We exchanged a few words, she wished me good-night and moved away. A little later, seeing her still alone, I went up to her again. Yes, she was annoyed, she hated being in a hurry for nothing, she was vexed with everybody and everything.

"It was too bad of that man not to let me off—I told him how much I wanted to be home early."

I explained how much he had been worried that night with all the changes, and I suggested that his temper had been tried so much that he might be ready to vent it on anyone.

"That's mean," said Cassy, "I call that mean," and she tapped her umbrella on the ground furiously. "Men are always mean."

I ventured to dissent, but it was no use; and when I pointed out that she had lost her temper in the same way as he did, and was venting it on me, quite as unjustly, she suggested that we should change the subject. I spoke of my coming holiday in Wales, and she wished me a good time and nice weather, and then said that it was hard for her, all the same, to wish it. By degrees we slid into personal confidences. She confessed that she was very disagreeable. "No, you're very nice."

"Ah, you've never seen me when I'm really nice; when," she waved her hands with a joyous movement—"I'm gay and happy and all that."

"No," I said, "I've never seen you like that. Why don't you try it on me?"

She couldn't, she said; things were always going wrong.

"I get in such dreadful tempers. I'm afraid I shall go mad some day. This afternoon something went across me, and I felt so wild that I bit my lips to keep it in. Then when I went out with my mother the feeling went quite away, but as soon as I got home again it all came back the same as ever. It's some influence I can't get the better of. It's very strange. And sometimes when I meet people in the street I hate them so much I should like to shake them.

No, I'm not at all English, and I don't want to be English. I can't help showing what I feel. Only—it's curious—when I am very happy I don't show it at all. I look as if I were not at all pleased. I sit and think over it, but I don't show it to anyone. And, so you know, when I am in a very bad temper I sing—sing gay songs—oh, I do sing. I don't know I'm doing it sometimes. But I never sing when I'm happy."

We discussed the English as a race, and the finer Southern qualities. I questioned her more minutely about her origin.

"I am really called Cazabon," she said. "My father was a Frenchman; he comes from Toulouse. My mother was born in England near Portsmouth. Her maiden name was Melody." (The name she said was something like Abbitbo). "We are an old family. My grandad's first cousin was a well-known man—one doesn't say it in the theatre, but it was Sir Moses Montefiore. And we are a long-lived family. My grandad was—let me see—one hundred and five when he died; my grandmother was over ninety; my father's uncle was one hundred. All I remember of my grandad was that he had a big nose. I remember his big nose. No, I don't want to live to be a hundred. It has been said that I shall die young."

Much more she told me about the intricacies of family history. "It shows I've got a good memory," she said with pride, adding, "all this rigmarole." As she poured out these confidences her face lost its disappointed, languid air, and she smiled, laughed even at certain recollections. An old woman came up and begged; I put sixpence in her hand to quiet her; and after Cassy and I talked for half an hour more without moving from the same spot, the old crone approached us again. We moved up the road, pausing again at the corner of Bear Street; and then I crossed the road with her to the entrance of her court. Was she most like an Italian or a Spaniard? An Italian, I said, but she had been assured that hers was just the Spanish type: "brown eyes and black eyelashes." Smiling now, and reverting for a moment to the subject of her troubles, "One shouldn't meet one's troubles halfway," she said. "I am sure of that; one should stand and face them."

"Or conquer them," I suggested.

"Well," said Cassy, "you see I've conquered my troubles to-night," and her eyes, her changed voice, and the long, soft pressure of her hand thanked me as she said good-night to me in the shadow of the archway.

It was the night of Cassy's return after her holiday. We reached the stage-door too late: everyone had gone. I cursed the French epigrams that had detained me as I came along the Strand arm-in-arm with the enthusiastic painter who must needs stop me at every moment to expatiate, as only a Frenchman can, on the beauty of London. I looked around for Cassy. She was not in sight, and we began to move slowly up the road in the direction of the "Crown." At the lamp-post by the corner we were brought to a pause. A very old man, with an air of faded distinction, stood at the kerbstone fingering a guitar. He wore a soft brown hat, and a long brown overcoat, very shabby, which hung about him in loose folds. The old gentleman came up to us and began to beg. He told us that he was seventy-six, and "I can sing a good song," he said, "still." We crossed his palm with silver and asked him to sing.

Nothing loth, the old gentleman began to strum softly, very softly on his guitar, while a curious smile, as at some delightful recollection, flitted across the fine wrinkles of his delicate, sensitive face. He cleared his throat, hesitated, strummed a few notes more, and began to sing. So faint was his voice that it seemed to come from a great distance, as if from the distance of all those seventy-six years.

The little hunchback who was one of our party lifted himself on tiptoe; the rest of us bent down; all strained our ears that we might lose nothing of this strange, fantastic, and ghost-like singing. The voice had once been beautiful, the dying echo of it was still of an exquisite accent, all exquisite purity. In its higher notes there was a sweet, remote melody; and that subtle and far away smile came back, like a shadow, as the old gentleman sang to us his gay, pathetic ballad. As we stood under the lamp-post listening, two people passed us, half crossed the road, and stood for a moment, one of them looking in our direction. It was Cassy; she was with Mr. Black. Mr. Black turned away, but Cassy, holding his arm, paused, and considered us with that ironical, interested air which is her way of being sympathetic. I smiled back to her over the little hunch-

back's head, and the ballad became a serenade as she listened to it. The faint notes of the guitar tinkled, the faint voice rose into the night air; Cassy stood waveringly half way across the road. It was only a moment, and then she had passed on, the song was ended, and the old gentleman was holding out his hand for alms.

Yes, it was certain that Cassy has nothing of the English girl about her. Her undulating way of walking, the singular grace and reticence of her bow, her faultless and exceptional taste in dress, her sidelong glance, which fixes its aim, which penetrates, almost without a movement of the head—all this is of the South, and Southern, too, is her exquisite sense of courtesy. I am sure she would never pardon an offence of manners against herself, and, in spite of the violence and caprice of her temper, her fits of sullenness, her unaccountable moods, she is incapable of even an unthinking breach of courtesy. The possible appearance of it is painful to her.

One night when it was raining, and I had held her, a half unwilling captive, under the shade of her own umbrella, she suddenly recaptured the thing by saying, "Oh, I think I see him," and, finding no Mr. Black, wished me a flying good-night and darted across the road to her mother in the archway. I flung a reproach after her, saying she was treacherous—had done it on purpose—it was not fair. Really I imagined her to have been sincere. However, next night after some general talk, I recurred to the charge. First she defended herself, I was convinced, with truth; then, with a little hesitation, yet impulsively looking down on something wrapped in newspaper that she held in her hand, she said: "I really felt quite bad last night, after leaving you like that, and—I've brought something to show you." She moved towards a lamp-post, unrolling the newspaper parcel. It was a framed photograph of herself in an Indian dress, surrounded by several of the Alhambra girls—an enchanting portrait, like my friend as she is in her best moments, her episodes of gaiety. It was at once a touching and a subtle way of making friends again. Her sense of courtesy, and that queer sort of friendliness that she has for me prompted her to an act of reparation; and how just, how fine, was the sense of the situation which brought for peace-offering the shadow of herself!

I had been away on my holiday five weeks, and the night after my return I found myself in the usual front stalls at the Alhambra. Cassy caught sight of me the moment she came on the stage, and she greeted me then and all through the evening with smiles of the frankest welcome. When I went round to the stage-door afterwards her face had its most impassive air, and she answered my questions for a minute or two with studied indifference. Presently, "I thought you looked cross," she said; "you looked at me like that" (and she drew her face into a frown). "I tried to summon up a smile: did you see it?"

I soon explained, and to her satisfaction, that I had certainly not intended to look cross, and with only a little pressing (much to my surprise) she came with me to the "Crown." She would take a glass of port, and when I put it into her hand she lifted the glass to me and, looking at me (for her) almost tenderly, she said, "I am very glad to see you again." We talked long and earnestly about all sorts of things. "You mustn't feel flattered," she said, "but I dreamt about you last night. I dreamt I was walking through a wood with you, and there was sunshine all about, and it was so nice. And then to-night, when I came on the stage, I looked down and there you were." And she told me of other dreams that had come true, with a wonderful tale of a hunchback and a dead girl. I think she had believed her dream, and was expecting me, for she was dressed with especial care, and "she was expecting nobody," she said. Never had Cassy been so delightful. While we were discussing beauty, worth, and the vanities of men and women, the art of dress, and other more intimate questions, in came a publisher and rushed up to me with an evident eye to business. "How do you do?" I said, "I came back yesterday," and then turned back so obstinately to Cassy that the poor man never ventured another word, and the child and I went out together presently, and so I saw her home.

Next day there was a rehearsal, and Cassy, looking exquisite in her practising dress of smoky white, recognised me with quite a start. I waited for her afterwards, and she introduced me to Annie Poole, the girl whom she had tried to strangle. We walked up to Matthews to see if the photographs were ready (she had promised me one of the

two); she was not sure if she could give me the one in tights. They were not ready and we came down again, looked in once more at the stage-door, and then I persuaded her to have tea with me at an A.B.C. shop. She was very sweet and charming that day. In the shop she wondered why a nurse, sitting opposite us, was looking at her so intently, and discovered that a little girl was looking just as intently at me. "That little girl has taken quite a fancy to you," said Cassy. Then she told me of a baby in her street, and how one day the baby dropped its feeding-bottle, and Cassy picked it up and was terrified at being greeted with "Ma-ma-ma!" And she gave me her views on babies, and told me how resolutely she would decline, had she a baby, to walk about with it as it squalled all night. The time went too swiftly; everything, for a wonder (and for the second time within two days), had gone perfectly, and when I left her at her door it was with the brightest anticipations.

I have had a terrible disappointment. All day I had been dreaming of Cassy, of how I should see her to-night, of the things I had to say to her, of the photographs she might have, of a vague, wild plan for an outing together to-morrow —a Sunday up the river, in honour of the ballet of boating which comes on Monday. I had literally existed through the day on the assured expectations of a delightful meeting at night. I had not seen Cassy since the rehearsal on Friday afternoon, and ever since then I had felt, at recurrent intervals, the thrill of that lingering pressure with which she had held my hand as she stood by me in her boy's dress of white and red. I had had to quiet my mood by hard work, as best I could; but ever and anon I would jump up from my desk and pace the room feverishly, thinking of Cassy and the night's meeting. It was eleven when I left the Temple.

When at last I reached the stage-door, I almost ran against Martha, who was standing by herself, looking lovelier than usual, on the outer edge of the circle of girls and men. She had not been on in the second ballet, and she had been waiting a quarter of an hour already. As I was talking to her, Cassy came out and passed down the road with just a bow. I longed furiously to get away from Martha, but I felt rooted to the ground. The few minutes

seemed an age until her friend came hastening up, and she said good-night to me, releasing me at last. I hurried down the road; yes, there was Cassy. Was she alone? Yes, after all, alone. And just as I neared her, another girl, two paces ahead of me, said a word to her, and she began to hurry up, would not so much as stop. "I'm looking for somebody—you must excuse me," and broke into a run. I turned, and came savagely back to the stage-door. I heard Cassy's voice just behind me; she brushed me again with "Good-night." Then I realised that she had some photographs in her hand. I realised that and everything too late. I went homewards in a state of helpless fury at fate, unable to think, unable to contain myself from a ridiculous repetition of oaths, a ridiculous onslaught with my stick on the pavement. Outside Toole's I passed Roussel, hesitated, then chose solitary misery rather than the misery of alien talk. I walked along the Strand in a perfect dream of disgust, knocking against the people I passed, without seeing where I was going. When I caught sight of the lights of Waterloo Bridge, I turned that way, and walked slowly across, trying to consider the superb, luminous blackness of the water, the rare gold of lighted windows, the sudden smoke of a passing train. I walked to the end of the bridge, turned, and retraced my steps. I went down the steps leading to the Embankment, and then I leaned and looked into the water, seeing no charm in it, thinking only of my lost chance, my frail hopes so rudely dashed to the ground, possessed only by that absolute crying need—I can only call it need—of Cassy. Two wretched creatures lay huddled in a sprawling embrace on one of the seats. There, at least, in that bundle of rags, was a man who had his arms round the woman he desired. Further on, two drunken women, in shawls, shouted hoarsely at one another. They shouted threats, then, meeting, reeled on together, side by side. I went up the steps that lead to Essex Street, and came in the direction of the Temple, just where the new light splashes a vivid illumination; in front of the great doors I saw a woman seize the coat of a man who was passing rapidly. She followed him, he pushed her away, they almost struggled, and then she fell back defeated. As I passed her she did not dare to speak to me; I suppose she saw so clearly on my face the despairing

anger with which Cassy's inexplicable (or perhaps easily explicable) conduct had filled me. Easy to explain, no doubt; trifling, a thing of the moment in any case, but the disappointment has upset me, quite in her own manner (it occurs to me). How absurd, how childish!

Next night I went on the stage to see her. She was full of her holiday, those four perfect days at Southsea, with her cousins Jessica and Melody. Her aunt had not seen her since she was three. "And I was so fat then," said Cassy, laughing; "you can't think how fat I was! And my aunt said, 'No! this cannot be Badels!' They used to call me Badels—for Baby, you know. But I got quite a colour while I was there; my nose was burnt brown and both my cheeks got quite red. Fancy me with a colour! The girls could hardly believe it when I got back. Oh, it was lovely there, the birds singing, and oh, the flowers, such flowers! And I used to get up in the morning and feed the poultry and the rabbits and the horses. And, do you know, the second morning they all knew me! Brown Bess used to feed out of my hand, but I was always a little afraid of Black Mary. She wouldn't let anybody come near her. I used to be out all day. I went over the gunnery, and I went to Waterloo, and saw the steps where Nelson landed, and I saw the *Victory*, though I didn't go over it. And I used to go out in a boat. It was splendid. The moonlight on the water—it was just like silver! In the middle it was all blue, a sort of greenish-blue, and then around the edge it was all bright and white. But I was rather afraid of the sea—I didn't like to go in it. And I thought it was shocking the way the men used to sit about and watch the girls bathe. I couldn't have done it. My mother wanted me to bathe; she said it would do me so much good, so one day I made up my mind I would, and when I got to the bathing-machine that I had picked out there was a gentleman sitting on the step and smoking a cigarette! I *couldn't* say, 'Will you please to move and let me come in?' so I went on to the next, and there were *two* gentlemen there! So I gave it up. But I think it was *dreadful* the way people went on. The ladies would sit all around the beach where the men were bathing, and nobody seemed to mind. One day I saw an old lady reading a book just outside a bathing-machine, and a gentleman coming to bathe had to step

almost over her shoulder to get out. I couldn't have gone in, I really couldn't.

"I had a lovely time, but I hadn't been there long before I began to miss London. Well, no, not the theatre so much—it was somebody, you know, who wasn't there! I never had such a delightful time; I was perfectly happy, in a way, and yet there was something missing. I wanted to be there and yet—oh, I don't know how to explain! But it was an ideal home," she concluded as she moved away from me to take her place in the ballet. I didn't catch the last words, and the strange girl, turning, called across to me as she slid through a crowd of inquisitve scene-shifters: "An ideal home!"

For the present Cassy becomes impossible. Last night we had a sort of explanation. She passed me with a bow as I stood under the archway at the stage-door, and I followed her down the street and stopped her. She turned on me with a very set face, and said that she thought I would understand that when she said good-night it was enough. I asked her why she was so frigid, why she would never speak to me now. "I have my reasons. I have thought it over, and it is best." I protested in vain; in vain I told her of her cruelty. She looked at me intently, not without a certain something that would have been sympathy had it dared, and in a very final way wished me good-night. I asked her if she would be coming up the road again, and she answered with calculated malice: "Yes, because I am waiting for my friend.

Decidedly, for the present, Cassy is impossible, and the only policy a waiting policy. I must effect, on my part, an alienation; must ignore her with deliberate artifice; must talk with others earnestly, on the stage, and do no more than bow to her in passing. Then I shall see whether there is really no chance for me, or whether my coolness will have on her the effect I hope for. Perverse, contrary child!

For nearly two months I have scarcely spoken to Cassy, and I had almost begun to fancy that all was over between us. I have been consoling myself as best I could with others; night after night I have come to the stage-door and stood there talking with everyone but Cassy. Once or twice I thought she wanted me to speak to her; but the thing seemed to me useless. I was both angry and hopeless.

But no one, try as I could, made up for Cassy. I felt that all would some day begin over again, and now it has come about. Last night, with a certain effort, I went up to her as she stood alone by the archway. She was quite friendly, smiled and spoke charmingly, and we fell into one of our discussions. We were talking with such absorption that no one spoke to us. The exquisite discretion of these young people! It is understood that when I am talking with Cassy no one is to interrupt. With anyone else it doesn't matter. Finding her in so good a mood, I ventured on a delicate criticism that I had long had on my mind. In the rowing dress of the second ballet I had always noticed that the line of her stays stood out along her back, and I told her of it. She thanked me very warmly, and said it should be set right to-morrow. Then Kitty joined us, and the three of us stood there chatting gaily and casually enough, until no one was left but one or two scene-shifters who still lounged round. When Kitty had said good-bye, Cassy and I moved up the road together, and I suggested the "Crown."

"No, not the 'Crown,'" said Cassy. 'I don't like the 'Crown.' Don't you think it's rather dead?"

"Well, anywhere you like," I said, and at her suggestion we turned in the direction of the "King's Head." As we went along she looked at me in her archest manner, and "What do you think of my little costume," she said, "my little Russian dress and my little Russian hat, all made by myself?"

It was charming, and I told her so with emphasis. Then she described the finding of the pattern, her dissatisfaction with the sleeves, substitution of another kind of sleeve, her delight in the final success. As she spoke she pushed open the door of the public-house, and stood for a moment as if paralysed. I felt almost as much taken aback. The bar was crammed, and it seemed as if half the Alhambra was there. We greeted nobody, and sat on a bench in the only available corner, and Cassy talked to me of herself quite in the old way.

"My hair isn't black," she said; "when I let it down it is all the colours of the rainbow. Well, it is really three different colours. And I have had to cut it down to here" (and she touched her shoulder). "It was coming out, and there were white hairs. I was afraid it would go white."

Then, as ever, we pretended to discuss abstract beauty. "They say I'm growing. I don't want to be any taller. I like little women. Well, just about my height, a little fuller —that would be just right." And she chattered with the gayest abandon (by this time we had left the bar and I was walking homewards with her). I began to tell her how I had published another book since the one I gave her on her eighteenth birthday.

"Yes, I know," she said.

"And would you like to see it?" I asked.

"Yes, I should like to see it, but—I should like better to have it," she said with a laugh. "Why mayn't one say what's in one's mind?"

I promised her the book and she added: "Did you ever get those photographs?"

"No."

"Did you go to the shop?"

"No." And I explained that I had a great objection to buying photographs of my friends. "And this is what I was going to propose," I said. "I will pay for some more copies for you of your two photographs if you will give me one of each sort."

She hesitated, did not think she could do that.

"But if I give you one, as it is, will you promise me, as we say at the theatre, not to show forthwith?"

Of course I promised, with only a conditional promise on her part, and then we said good-bye, lingeringly, in the old way.

Yes, it is all beginning over again, and I suppose things will go on as before—so inevitably, so helplessly on my part; with that eternal caprice of hers. To-night they are remarking on it at the theatre; that unexpected appearance at the "King's Head" had been the talk of the dressing-rooms; and I have been on the stage, just to have a few words with her; and her eyes and mine have been meeting across the footlights. I can really believe that, for once, she was a little disappointed when Mr. Black appeared at the stage-door; for I knew she wanted the book, and she knew I had the book for her.

It is March, 1893; and now, am I to fall back into the sorceries of Cassy once more, I wonder. Shall I? is what I ask myself, finding no answer.

The Yellow Stalagmite

A Fairy Story

By Marie Carmichael Stopes

ONCE upon a time a tiny silver idol no larger than a thumbnail was brought by strange circumstances all the way from the East to England, and taken to Devonshire, and there he was dropped on to the muddy floor of the great Kent's Cavern. And this is what happened.

The tiny silver idol lay quite still after his fall, a fall which was also an escape. Long after the people who had dropped him had gone back to the open sunlight he lay still and held his breath until every one of the currents of motion started in the air had died away.

In the darkness nothing happened. And that made him brave enough to listen. So he put all his strength into his ears, but in the stillness he could hear no live human sounds, nor even any echoes of human sounds.

At last, slowly came a soft SPLOSH—SPLISH; and at long intervals another, and then another—SPLOSH—SPLISH.

Large isolated drops were falling from the roof on to their appointed places.

Then the tiny silver idol put all his strength into his eyes: he had three eyes, but two of them were smothered in mud. All his strength, therefore, went into that one of his three eyes which was not embedded in mud, and his gaze ranged all round the vast vaulted arches of rock above him. He, who was no larger than a thumbnail, found himself looking up at throngs of statue-like stalagmites standing like idols in a gathering of strange gods.

Then he put all his strength into his mouth, but he was so awed that he could get no more out of himself than a whisper. So he whispered:

"Elder Brothers! Ye mighty and august ones, permit

me to speak with you. Though I am so small, and though I am nearly smothered in the mud into which I have fallen, yet I too am of the august brotherhood of the gods. Though I have heard no priests here, nor smelt any incense, nor seen any sacred lights, yet my heart tells me this is a temple."

The smooth ripples of the corrugations of all the stalagmites quivered with slow emotion. They felt the satisfaction of being at last able to initiate a new-comer into the mysteries of their age-long existences.

As spokesman for them all, the Yellow Stalagmite said graciously, "Thou art right, O Small Stray Silver One, and we accept thee, for none but the gods know the gods. How didst thou come here?"

"I was chained to the wrist bangle of a woman—one of those women who take the heart-work of the East, and, after calling it 'dinky,' pierce it and attach it to themselves; and who, wearing machine-made lace upon their garments, trample through the world on high heels with an air as though their superiority out-topped all superiority there ever had been."

"Aye, we know such. They differ outwardly from the palæolithic men who first plagued our peace here in this our cavern; they differ outwardly, but they are descended from the same presumptuous breed."

"Yesterday I was the toy of such a one," said the Small Silver Idol. "I was with her when the Custodian said, holding high his light: 'Here you see the roof thickly strewn with the remains of the animals of early neolithic man, and over there, lower in the floor, you see the remains of earlier and wilder animals together with tools of palæolithic man, showing the equal antiquity of man with the animals.'"

"Yes," agreed the Yellow Stalagmite. "Thus saith the Custodian to every pack of men and women whom he brings with him. It is his prayer. 'Showing the equal antiquity of man with the animals.' But he never learnt to add that We are before all and outlast all, expanding forever. But continue your tale. How did you remain here? The trivial ones all pass."

"My chance came when the Custodian said: 'Here is the tooth of the Sabre-toothed Tiger, and there are the

bones of a rhinoceros and a hyena and a mammoth, all mingled together in one foot of clay.' The woman, leaning forward to look, pressed her wrist against a sharp rough rock, and it nearly severed the slender silver chain with which she had fettered me to herself. I gave a leap in that instant, as I felt the stir of the sanctities of this temple and yearned to escape into its peace from her vulgarities. So the silver link snapped. And I plunged fearlessly and headlong into these depths at your feet, where I now am craving initiation."

"So be it," said the Yellow Stalagmite. "Remain at our feet and attend."

SPLOSH—SPLISH. A drop, large and heavy with the mineral molecules it held, slowly descended from the insignificant stalactite on the roof unto the top of the stately Yellow Stalagmite. The water from the drop spread all round the outer surface of the Stalagmite, depositing its mineral molecules in a faint film on the surface.

"Amen, I expand," murmured the Yellow Stalagmite, and added to his slowly growing girth a few million molecules which all together were but the ten-millionth part of the thickness of a millimetre.

SPLOSH—SPLISH: SPLOSH-SPLISH.

"Each of us grows thus at various and appointed rates. I myself expand thus three times in each revolution of the outer world. I myself, I who now speak to you, have seen all things that took place in this inner world, which is the tomb of the dead departed trivial ones, and a Temple to US who live and still expand."

"May you, like Time, expand into Eternity," murmured the Small Silver One dutifully. "And if I may crave so much, tell me of the dead trivial ones whose bones I feel and perceive around us."

"To recount all WE have seen and known, O Small Silver One, would take many splosh-units of time. Thou wilt hear all in due course. I will tell thee first the tale that still most affects me. It is the tale of the one and only time that my expanding drop was not added to me at its appointed moment."

The Small Silver Idol had already breathed deeply enough of the air of the cavern, and heard the mysterious SPLOSH—SPLISH repeated often enough to feel the momen-

tous awe of a time when a drop was diverted from the Yellow Stalagmite.

"Yea, I diverted my own expanding drop in defence of one of the Trivial Ones, one of the short-lived creatures that from age to age have moved in and out of our caves. But this Trivial One was beautiful and more worthy than are the others, and I was carried away by an impulse in his favour. It happened thus:

"This place is in a part of England called Devonshire now, but it has changed in the course of time. My present tale took place here a myriad splish-epochs ago, in the time the Custodian here calls the early Palæolithic age. In that time, instead of the long silences which now brood here, this cavern held chaos, and was ever rent by the sounds and the heat of fierce life. You can see around you the fragments of many of their bones, and may perceive in the atmosphere the fading reverberations of innumerable fierce trivial ones who have lived one after the other in this place. Some took temporary shelter here, some lived all their lives, some were dragged in dead or dying as prey. A strange sequence. The lions brought in portions of mammoths, and left their gnawed bones for the hyenas to suck; bears ousted wolves from comfortable corners, where the floor was good; at times the underground waters made hidden pools where deer and wild horses drank, while they timidly watched the rhinoceros wallow. But in my memory, nearest to my heart, and, as it chances, in stone nearest to where thou now art, O Small Stray Silver One, was and is the Sabre-toothed Tiger. He and his mate had made their lair in this corner of the cavern for long, and seven litters of his eager cubs had I seen grow to full size. But each season they were more and more interfered with by an untidy lot of creatures which were what the Custodian here calls Palæolithic men. I hated these little creatures, for not only were they untidy in themselves, but they ever brought quarrels with them and they could not live at peace. They were mangy-haired, and never smooth and sleek like my beautiful Sabre-toothed Tiger, and they used to spend a lot of their time rearing on their hind legs, as though that were something to be proud of. Foolish creatures, they didn't even know that *of course* men should go on their hind legs always. The men-creatures' cubs, too, were so

inferior! They grew so slowly, hanging about the cave season after season, so that the man's litter was full of cubs all of different ages; variegated and assorted cubs they were, yet all of them feeble, hairless, and foolish. In the Tiger's litter were splendid cubs, as alike as peas, and each beautiful and strong, and wiser when a month old than the man's cubs were by the time the Tiger's cubs were ready for lairs of their own.

"I hated these little creatures, for they brought quarrels for ever with them, and could not live at peace with anyone. But most of all I hated them because they brought a smelling, smouldering growth which filled the air with great stinging clouds and spoilt the purity of my texture. Each time that my drop was added to me, whilst their foul clouds and steam filled this cavern, some of its greyness became mingled in my layering. I can feel it still enclosed within me, opaque and dingy amidst the clarity of my substance, so that the foulness of these early savage men is ever woven into my memory and degrades me. So you may imagine, O Small Stray One, how I hated these creatures.

"But the beautiful one, the Sabre-toothed Tiger, was worthy of my regard. He brought no foul clouds, and around him was ever quiet and peace, for he was master in the cave, and in his presence all the other animals lay limp and silent, as still as I am; they did not even breathe. This showed how superior the Tiger was. So when the base little Palæolithic man worried the Tiger and sought ever to quarrel with him and dispute his mastery, you may imagine that I decided to assist the Tiger, in order that Peace should once more fill my cavern.

"One day the opportunity came. The man was alone and very bold, creeping forward with smoke around him to attack the Tiger. At first the Tiger properly scorned the foolish chattering creature that danced towards him rearing on his hind legs, and with only one big tooth-like thing, and that one made of stone and held in his hand. The Tiger opened his mouth and showed his set of great strong teeth, firmly embedded in his jaws. He gave a little leap and purr of amusement, and let the man-thing get quite close to him. But suddenly the horrid little man did something quite in keeping with his nature. He brought his left hand round from behind his back, and in it he held a piece

of the stuff that makes the stinging clouds of smoke. He waved it repeatedly in front of the Tiger's very nose, and it grew with his waving and made more and more smoke.

"It not only besmirched me, but it filled me with anger. The Tiger did not purr any more, but closed on to the man, dashing at the smoke cloud with his paw, for it seemed to enter his head by his eyes and nose and make him foolish, and he started backing down the cavern.

"The man and he fought noisily, and the two rolled and snarled until they were beside me. The man brandished his blinding grey smoke, and never allowed the Tiger a moment's security to spring, and the Tiger became more and more savage, snarling and bristling, but he was dazed by the stinging grey cloud.

"The pair came slowly nearer and nearer to me. The man's stone axe once stung the Tiger between the claws of his hind foot; but although this should have placed the man at his mercy, the smoke was for ever in his eyes. Lashing his tail, the Tiger gave way before the stinging cloud till the standing bristles on his back touched the roof up against which he was backing. The little man was just about to leap at its throat and drive the stone tooth deep, when the moment for my augmenting drop approached. In another second I knew it would fall—Sploṣh—Splish. . . . . But for the first time since my creation began, I decided that I would not add to myself my augmenting drop: for the sake of the Tiger I would sacrifice part of myself. At this moment the man was just beneath my stalactite, small and inconspicuous on the roof. The drop was running down its sides: the intensity of my emotion brought it a fraction of a second sooner than usual—Splosh—Splish. It fell. The large drop fell just into the little red heart of the man's smoke-grey torment, which quivered. The man turned in haste and anger to look at it. But its smoke-giving power was reduced, and for that moment of turning the man was off his guard.

"Instantly the noble Tiger seized this advantage, sprung and lodged on the man. Yes, lodged, and then—dined. He and his cubs finished that man, after thanking me for my help, of course. Not a bone, not a scrap was left, for the hyenas finished what the tiger cubs were too fat to eat, and the man disappeared, all but his foolish stone

axe. The edge of that you can see there under the floor, trodden like a common stone under foot.

"Later on, after rearing many more beautiful cubs, my Tiger, the Glorious One, died, alas! Him I ennobled, and for him I besought the aid of the mineral-containing waters of this cavern to preserve his memory for ever. You will see one of the teeth from his jaws, still almost perfect, there in the rock above your head."

The Small Silver One looked up, and there, curved like a scimitar, embedded in the accretions of the cave, was the great massive tooth of the Sabre-toothed Tiger.

"May his memory live for ever!" murmured the Small Silver One.

Complacently the Yellow Stalagmite added: "And thus by my one great sacrifice I saved the world from that rank smoky growth which made the eyes of tigers to sting and clouded my own substance. My sacrifice was great to me, for the eternal never-ending adding of my drop has its mystical significance. My sacrifice was worth my loss, for it saved the world from so foul a thing as fire."

"But yet"—the Small Silver One stopped. He feared to tell the Yellow Stalagmite that in the world to-day fire is everywhere, even carried by men to and fro across the ocean.

Splosh—Splish.

"Water is greater than fire, for water dropped upon its heart killeth it."

"But fire hath many hearts," began the Small Silver One, putting all his strength into being brave enough to tell the Stalagmite that the Custodian's lamp and the visitors' candles were also fire. Then a piece of stone fell from the roof and crushed this Small Silver One's third eye and his mouth into the mud.

Ploof, said the stone!

The Small Silver One was silenced.

The drop fell.

Splosh—Splish.

"I expand for ever," murmured the Yellow Stalagmite.

The Future of Marriage

By Observer

It is at last beginning to dawn even on the House of Commons that the institution of marriage is in grave danger. Marriage in mediæval Europe was a fairly simple institution, and its basis was the procreation of children. Children were of vital importance to the State, both as fighters and as cultivators of the soil; for there was plenty of fighting to be done and plenty of soil to be cultivated. Hence both Church and State reinforced the ascetic doctrines of Christianity, and any kind of extra-matrimonial intercourse was not only a sin but also an offence against the State. There were, as always, economic limitations of the population, and clearly the State could not provide for an unlimited number of infants, just as the Church found that she was not rich enough to provide the clergy with wives. These considerations, however, naturally made marriage even more important, although there was no doubt quite as much irregular intercourse between the sexes in mediæval Europe as there is now.

Modern conditions are obviously very different. It is true that the State needs human beings to carry on its industrial and agricultural existence; but if the League of Nations succeeds in mitigating war as much as is hoped there will be a much smaller demand for fighters. Most European countries are badly overcrowded, and there is clearly not enough food to go round. This leads to the widespread prevention of conception which is now practised even by the more reckless and improvident labourers who were either ignorant or indifferent twenty or thirty years ago.

There can be no doubt that all marriages are becoming less fertile, and that where two parents either produce no children or only one or two, their marriage becomes a less permanent tie than in the case of a larger family. It is impossible to obtain statistics on the question of irregular inter-

course; but it can scarcely be doubted that there has been much more of it during the last ten years. Fifty years ago there were three powerful deterrents, namely, the fear of Hell, of conception, and of venereal disease. The fear of Hell has disappeared, and the community is widely supplied with information how to prevent conception and how to avoid infection. Public opinion is, to say the least, not austere, and the Church has ceased to exert any strong influence.

> "Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
> And unawares morality expires."

This is really a very serious state of affairs. The Church was perhaps mistaken in making fornication a mortal sin, because in matters of sex, as in other forms of human activity, there will always be a certain amount of play instinct, and all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and even Jill a dull girl. The old-fashioned crime of seduction is really quite out of date, for no girl can be seduced, in the ordinary sense of the word, if she knows what she is about, and in these days young women of all classes are much less innocent than they used to be, because they fortunately have a much better opportunity of obtaining knowledge which was in the old days denied to them. If, therefore, they experiment in temporary unions they are usually quite aware of what they are doing, and a young woman who is earning a good income may often prefer not to get married.

Nevertheless, those who are old-fashioned enough to believe that the family is the foundation of the State will naturally wish to encourage the institution of reasonably fertile marriage, and it is to be hoped that the income tax will be modified so as to encourage young men and women to marry early and to produce really good citizens for the future generation. The housing problem is pressing enough, but it will never be solved until private enterprise is given a free hand and the imbecile land taxes of 1910 are abolished.

Finally, there comes the question of divorce law reform. I used to think that single women who wished to marry would never in that state of mind be deterred from marriage by the anomalies of the marriage laws; but in recent years I have come to the conclusion that marriage now seems a highly formidable undertaking, having regard to the possible elements of irretrievable disaster. When the only alterna-

tive for the young man and woman was marriage or no cohabitation the dice were weighted in favour of marriage; but when, as in these days, young persons are quite capable of discussing the comparative merits of marriage or experimental intercourse without marriage, the latter alternative is more seriously considered and more often adopted.

Then again we must consider the position of husbands or wives permanently married to incurable lunatics or to criminals or to spouses who have deserted them and disappeared. In some cases these unfortunate people commit bigamy, and there is no doubt that a number of convictions for bigamy every year would never occur if we had a cheap and rational system of divorce. In other cases the only ceremony is that of the woman taking the man's name, with or without a deed poll, and settling down with him in a respectable manner as if they were married, without incurring any more undesirable consequences than the possibility of blackmail. Needless to say, however, these couples are not likely to desire children, and the union is usually sterile.

In these circumstances it is clear that marriage brings more disadvantages than advantages. The only possible advantage of marriage for a woman is the right to claim maintenance for herself and her children from her husband; but in nearly every case of desertion in the poorer classes she cannot trace her husband, or even if she can she is unable to enforce her claim in another country. The whole absurdity of the system was illustrated on a large scale when the War Office declined to enforce maintenance orders for soldiers' wives and announced that separation allowances would be paid to any woman selected by the soldier irrespective of legal ties or decrees.

The governing class of this country are well aware of all these evils, and the Press has done very good work in ventilating them. It may be remembered that about ten years ago there was a strong Royal Commission on the subject. Yet in spite of all this nothing whatever is done to remedy a state of things which directly menaces the foundations of our national welfare. The whole miserable story reveals in a lurid light the utter incapacity, insincerity, and cowardice of the modern politician.

The Downfall of Old Europe

By Robert Briffault

Author of "The Making of Humanity"

Old Europe is on its death-bed: European civilisation, as we knew it, is passing away. Many prophetic voices, these fifty years and more, have declared as much. They were received with the indulgent smile that somewhat jaded intellectual palates accord to rhetorical jeremiads which provide them with stimulating sensationalism. It was an amusing paradox. Its fictitiousness and extravagance were obvious enough as we drove smoothly in our motor-car amid the luxuriant pageantry of a London Season, the emblem, if ever there was one on this earth, of contentment, of power and prosperity, bright with the glittering elegance and smiles of women, magnificent with the commanding self-possession of well-groomed men. The whole wealthy, powerful machine of civilisation was purring as smoothly as our well-oiled Rolls-Royce engine. Every satisfaction, every comfort, every luxury was at our beck, and we ruled the globe with the same ease as we called for whisky-and-soda, by the mere pressing of a button. So complete, so perfect were the world-embracing adjustments of the established order, so broad-based and firm the whole structure, that no power on earth and no accident seemed capable of shaking it, of even so much as disturbing by the slightest thrill the rhythm, the powerful, contented purring of the mighty engine.

Oh! we were not quite so stupid and so blind as the literary gentlemen who told us that we were living on the edge of a volcano, that we were fiddling while Rome was burning, were pleased to make out. We knew very well what they meant. There were, of course, envious, malignant eyes glaring at us, hostile Germanys, hostile poor, hostile Irelands, hostile vamping Socialists; there were enemies, there were difficulties. But the machine was tremendously powerful as well as smooth-running. If any silly "coo" should choose to get in its way—well, it would be very awkward for the "coo."

No, the gentlemen who talked about volcanoes were—very amusing gentlemen.

Such was our feeling in 1913. To-day it is different. Somehow or other the old joke does not strike us as quite so funny. We do not smile at it; or, if we do, the smile is just a little forced and unnatural. It is not quite so obvious as it was then that it is all a joke. We have, in fact, even the dullest of us, a horrible, uneasy doubt at times that there may be something in it. To be sure, there are plenty of bright, helpful souls—God bless them!—who are ready to encourage us and cheer us, to counteract the depressing effect of those long-faced, croaking birds of ill-omen. They explain to us that we are all of us still suffering a little from "shell-shock," that things are bound to be somewhat out of gear for the present, that the men from the trenches have not yet got their peace-legs, that all this will pass, and everything turn out all right, and our great European civilisation, our glorious British Empire live happily ever after.

It does us good to listen to them. But even the warmth of their assurances is somewhat disturbing; they protest perhaps a little too much. We require those assurances. The signs of the times are abominably disquieting. It needs no paradoxical genius to-day to suggest the metaphors that made us smile in 1913; every fool can see that all is not well. "Much has happened since then," as the papers say. The war. In a sense the volcano did break out; our smooth-working civilisation has got terribly knocked about. Instead of driving in to Park we have cowered in dug-outs. Our magnificent well-groomed youths have been blown to pieces, and their shattered limbs mixed with the mud of Flanders and Picardy; our charmingly gowned and smiling women have scrubbed the floors of hospitals, etc., etc., etc. We have had some terrible frights. Still we have pulled through; we have done splendidly; we have won a glorious victory; we have saved civilisation. And yet it is quite clear that there is much that is not well. What exactly, it would be hard to tell, and why. But the prices, the labour people, the way they talk, the pound sterling! Our friends who are learned in political economy can explain it all; what they say about the balance of trade, the decrease of production, sounds most disconcerting. Truly we know not with any certainty whether we are suffering from some passing form of post-war influenza or whether there is really

something in that horrible joke about European civilisation, the British Empire being on their way to Sheol.

I propose, if you will have patience with me, that we should try very coolly and quietly to discover a little more fundamentally what truth there is in that scare about the parlous state of European civilisation.

And first let me diagnose a little more definitely the cause of that general feeling of uneasiness about which you complain.

You point to this, that, and the other "sign of the times"; your political economists bring their figures to you and their demonstrations. Now let me suggest to you that the real cause of your uneasiness and worry is not the talk of the economists or that of those Labour-leaders, or any ominous "sign of the times" which your observant mind has noted, but a very definite, hard fact. It is simply this: that your dividends are dwindling. Your "signs of the times" are mere beating about the bush; they all resolve themselves into that one great, pressing, significant fact, *the dwindling of your dividends*. That is the bedrock cause of your depression and anxiety; that is the fact that inclines you to think that there may be some truth in the alarmist report that European civilisation is passing away. And you are quite right. The surest sign and the most fundamental fact that indicates the downfall of European civilisation is that dividends are dwindling.

Past civilisations have risen, declined, and fallen. That is a commonplace. But references to ancient history are in general looked on with considerable doubt and distrust. Our own civilisation is so different, so very much more powerful, so resourceful, so much greater, so much more widespread than all those antique civilisations, that we seem hardly justified in drawing any inferences from them to this wonderful modern civilisation of ours. Their case and ours are not on all-fours. Yet even between widely different forms in stages of civilisation there is, there must be, *something* in common. They are all civilisations.

What is it exactly that we mean by a civilisation? All civilisations are systems of human organisation manifesting certain powers of improving the conditions of life. There is, however, another fundamental feature common to all those systems. We call them Egypt, Babylon, Persia,

Rome, France, England, Europe, and so forth; and we speak of them almost as if they were individuals. We speak of the power of Persia and of the will of Rome, of the ambition of France, of the interests of England. But in reality that power, that will, that ambition, those interests were not the power, the will, etc., of the whole of the human beings inhabiting Persia, or the Roman Empire, or France, but, as a matter of fact, the power, the will of the Governments of Persia, Rome, etc. That is, of certain ruling classes in Persia, Rome, etc. It was those ruling classes who made those civilisations, welded them into a body, taught, directed, inspired the inhabitants of the lands whose civilisations rose, declined, and fell. The motives, the interests which actuated those various systems of organisation were the motives, the interests of a relatively small proportion of their members in whom was centred the power of those civilisations. All the people in those organisations were affected by their civilising influences, benefited in some sense and to some degree by those civilisations. That may be so. But the fact remains that those benefits, in so far as they were enjoyed by all, were indirect results; the actual interests involved, the actual programme and motive of action of their organisations, were the interests and motives of those who held power. Each system of civilisation was a manifestation of the power of those few, and owed its existence and character to them. Each was a power-system.

The civilisations of Egypt, of Babylon, of Persia were the work and the manifestation of the power of certain priest-kings, sometimes more priests than kings, at other times more kings than priests, but essentially a very small kingly-priestly class. The great civilisation of the Roman Empire was the work and the manifestation of the power of a class of landed proprietors. In many respects it resembled very closely our own civilisation. The power of the ruling classes of the Roman Empire was the power of money. They civilised a large portion of the world and administered it, and they drew from it the wages of organising talent. As they had no commercial and industrial enterprises they invested their money in land and drew dividends therefrom. In Europe we have had a succession of various forms of power, the power of the Church, the

power of kings and their feudal lords. Ultimately the power of money.

I think you will see that there is not, after all, such a vast difference between the essential mechanism of our modern European civilisation and that of those antique and mediæval civilisations. It is, like them, a power-system. It owes its power to vast commercial and industrial enterprises which constitute the glory of our civilisation, our railways, our shipping, our hives of industry. Money is invested in those enterprises, and dividends are paid by those enterprises on the invested money. To get down to essentials, what we mean by European civilisation is a power-system of dividend-paying enterprises.

Was I right when I said that the dwindling of dividends was the most ominous sign that our great civilisation stands in mortal jeopardy?

But why is it, you may ask, that dividends are dwindling?

Let us, if you please, first consider the question why power-systems in general, why civilisations decline and fall.

Every power-system is unjust. I am not using the word here in any sense of moral reprobation, as a sentimental invective. I am using it merely in a descriptive, scientific sense. What the power-holders wish and desire is not, in general, what the non-power-holders would wish and desire for themselves. The injustice of the power-system is not something wicked which calls down upon it poetic retribution, but an unadjustment, a fundamental mechanical flaw in the construction of the machinery of the system. It is a flaw which inevitably ends sooner or later by wrecking the whole machine. I am, I repeat, not talking morality, I am talking mechanics. It is a curious and interesting fact that that fundamental flaw does not for a long time materially impair the working of the machine. In spite of that fundamental defect, the power-system, the civilisation prospers, flourishes, achieves great things. The reason is that the non-power-holders do not at first realise the injustice of the system; they identify themselves with it, are loyal to it, patriotic. But, although the effects of the fundamental defect from which all power-systems, all civilisations suffer do not show themselves at once, or for a long time, they nevertheless tell in the end, inexorably, ruthlessly, fatally. All power-systems decline and fall.

You know that that phenomenon has been accounted for in various very vague, mysterious ways. Civilisations, we are told, grow "senile," effete. I do not understand in the least what it means by a civilisation becoming "senile." There is, so far as I know, not the slightest ground for any analogy between the ageing of an individual and the decay of a civilisation. Civilisations decay and die, not because they grow old, but because of the fundamental unadjustment, inadaptation of an unjust power-system.

A power-system depends on the willingness of the non-power-holders to serve it, to *identify themselves with it.* They are persuaded that it is right and wise to do so, that they should be patriotic. It is essential that they should be so persuaded, for very little can really be accomplished by mere force, by bribing a certain number of them and drilling them and giving them the latest weapons, so that they may keep the unarmed multitude in submission. If persuasion fails, force will hardly suffice for long.

When persuasion fails, when the non-power-holders get it into their heads that their interests are not identical with those of the power-holders, that the running of the machine is no business of theirs, when they cease to be patriotic—then the power-system, the civilisation, is in a bad way. In the great Roman civilisation, for instance, the non-holders of power grew to be utterly indifferent to the whole system, they refused to serve it, they openly scorned and detested it. They became *Christiani*, which at that time was Latin for, and quite as much denounced as, Bolsheviki. That was the cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

To return to our own great civilisation. It is a power-system, and, like all others, suffers from the fundamental defect of all power-systems. The power on which it is founded depends on dividends. It is considerably more widely distributed than the power of divine authority of Oriental priest-kings, or mediæval kings, or the landed power of barons, or of Roman latifundists. Still, those who in our civilisation draw dividends are only a portion of the population. And European civilisation, the dividend-civilisation, is necessarily run in the interests and according to the ideas of dividend-drawers, just as Oriental civilisations were run in the interests and according to the ideas of priest-kings, mediæval civilisation in the interests of priests

and barons, Roman civilisation in the interests of latifundists. And there is, of course, the same disposition to divergence between the interests and ideas of dividend-drawers and those of the people who do not draw dividends.

Dividends are derived from commercial and industrial enterprises. These are conducted by inducing people who do not draw dividends to work. The work is in general not very pleasant. I conclude that it is not pleasant, not from my own dislike for work—personally I detest it—but from the fact that very few dividend-drawers have been known to apply for work as stokers or factory-hands. The non-dividend-drawers are persuaded to work by persuasive principles, by the fear of starvation, and by the inducement of wages. To take the latter first. The money with which wages are paid comes out of dividends. To pay wages is an act of self-sacrifice on the part of the dividend-drawers. Wages used to be extremely low. As acts of self-sacrifice are not very common, Marx, the Socialist, thought that dividend-drawers would naturally grow more and more reluctant to sacrifice dividends in order to pay wages, and that wages would thus tend to fall ultimately to the limit of the bare sufficiency required to keep the bodies and souls of the wage-earners together. In this he was profoundly mistaken. On the contrary, wages tend to become higher and higher. Dividend-drawers are, no doubt, reluctant to pay more wages than they can help. But wage-earners, for certain reasons presently to be mentioned, grow more and more reluctant to work. They require greater and greater inducement. Also competition for dividends makes it more and more necessary to offer greater inducements to wage-earners, so as to secure efficient labour. The inevitable result is that dividends dwindle and will continue to dwindle. Hence one cause of the decline and fall of European civilisation.

Besides the fear of starvation and the inducement of wages, the non-dividend-drawers are, I mentioned, persuaded to work by persuasive principles. These are very important. It is clear that, since wages have to be deducted from dividends, the interests of the dividend-drawers and those of the wage-earners are not absolutely identical. They are even to a large extent antagonistic. This for a long time the wage-earners failed to see. They are ignorant,

they are rather stupid people—some say that their work and their mode of life have a stupefying effect. They are told that work is a very noble thing, almost a form of worship. They are told that they are citizens of a power-system, which is a very glorious thing, and that they ought to be very proud of it. They are told that it is sweet and decorous to die for one's power-system. They are told that they should be patriotic. They are told that we should all help one another and pull together. They are told that they should be sober and law-abiding. They are told that in a free power-system they can have anything they like provided they go the right way about asking for it. They are told that they will be rewarded in an after-life. All these and many more axiomatic sentiments, which it does not enter the head of any man—unless he be almost unthinkably perverse and wicked—to dispute, the wage-earners are disposed to believe and to act upon.

As long as they do so the power-system of civilisation goes on flourishing and prospering. But as it prospers the wage-earner's position correspondingly improves. Wages rise. The wage-earner begins to raise his head. He asks for more wages. The more you give him the more he wants. He also wants shorter hours of work. He acquires leisure. He begins to talk, to read. He even begins to think. Well, you know where it all leads when once he is set on the "downward" path. You know that I am not exaggerating when I say that it actually comes to this, that he has the impudence to say—I shudder to repeat it—that all the persuasive principles which every good citizen has always accepted are nothing but a pack of lies.

As his condition improves, the non-power-holder in any power-system tends inevitably to become destitute of patriotism, of enthusiasm, that is, for the power-system that employs him. The wage-earner has come to lack all enthusiasm for the interests of the dividend-system; he has become unpatriotic.

Here you will probably pull me up sharply; recent events, you will say, give the lie direct to such an accusation against the wage-earners of our civilisation. Our wage-earners, our workers have given in these last years the most conspicuous, the most heroic demonstration of their patriotism. They have laid down their lives in thousands

for the dividend-system; they have fought gloriously in its defence.

It is important to be quite frank about this; we can afford to be so now that the war is over. I have no doubt that you know just how much patriotism entered into the motives which marshalled our wage-earners into the war. I happen to know that pretty well myself: I have spent some years with them in the trenches of France, Gallipoli, and Flanders. And I know that the average wage-earner in khaki would have been, on the word of command, just as ready to fight the French, the Belgians, the Portuguese, or the Canadians, or the Australians, as to fight Fritz or the Russians. Patriotism, enthusiasm for the British Empire or the Cause was not at all a prominent motive in the dim mind of the average khaki-clad wage-earner. He was actuated by very vague impulses. The chief was a certain eagerness to avail himself of any opportunity to escape from the drudgery of earning wages, even if it were a change from the frying-pan into the fire. He was foolishly glad to exchange the joys of his home for a sand-bag dug-out in France. The prospect of change, together with the added glamour of khaki, which enhanced him immensely in the eyes of his female friends, the phrases of the hour, hypnotised and fascinated him—and conscription further persuaded him.

I am speaking of the vast majority of wage-earners. There were a few who were thoughtful, who to some extent reasoned out their motives. These were in the early days of the war actuated by something like real enthusiasm. The British Empire dividend-system was bad, but the mediæval Prussian Kaiser system was worse. The war was a war against a horrible surviving relic of the Middle Ages—absolutism, feudal-junker-baron militarism; those were things that had to be fought tooth and nail. It was a war to make the world safe for democracy. It was a war to end war. And so the most enthusiastic, inspired, and heroic fighters in the battlefields of France and Flanders were Pacifists.

But by a strange and rather piquant paradox of fate's irony that very enthusiasm which fired the more thoughtful and intelligent wage-earners and caused them to cast aside their prejudices against war, to defend loyally the British power-system, to sink for the time all differences and dis-

trusts, and to work, fight, and die for our victory—that very enthusiasm was one of the most potent causes which dealt the death-blow to the last vestiges of patriotism and of tolerance towards the power-system of European civilisation. The effect of the war has been to dispel the wage-earners' last scruples concerning the persuasive principles of the dividend power-system.

And for the following reason. The lack of adjustment, or, as some people would call it, the injustice, which lies at the root of every power-system justifies itself by means of certain conventions, or, as some people would call them, lies. That is inevitable; an injustice cannot justify itself by a truth. Those conventions—such as that a power-system constitutes a united "nation" of brothers, that the religion of the Roman Empire in the age of its decrepitude and downfall is still valid, etc., etc. (for a more complete enumeration see the daily Press)—are an indispensable part of any power-system, just as certain conventions are an indispensable part of the conduct of a war. The war has brought about the necessity of greatly multiplying and emphasising, of accentuating the daring boldness of such conventions. That was necessary; the patriotism, the spirit of the people had to be stimulated and kept up by—conventions. The conventions of our great free Press, of our posters, of our political perorations, in the enthusiasm and need of the moment, even overstepped, in the judgment of many people, every bound of credibility. And with the ever-changing needs of the hour, with the treasonable defection of Russia, with the glory of victory, with the problems of demobilisation, those conventions had to be changed in a way reminiscent of our music-hall comedians. In short, one of the most momentous effects of the war—in spite of the magnificent display of patriotism—has been to deal a fatal blow to the faith of the wage-earners in the sacred conventions upon which the entire fabric of our civilisation is founded. A most momentous and disastrous result.

That is one reason why the war has brought the unadjusted conditions of the dividend-civilisation to a climax.

Another reason is the tremendous expenditure of money which it has necessitated. That, of course, has very seriously affected many dividends. The defence of the

convention that dividend-drawers who compete with one another for dividends are in turn divided into groups, following the lines of mediæval conquests, which constitute associations competing against one another—the defence of that convention has been extremely costly. Our dividend-producing commercial and industrial enterprises have gone to rack and ruin. We have had to borrow money. We hoped that we should be able to reconstruct the world, that is, our dividend-producing enterprises, by putting our wage-earners' shoulders to the wheel. But we find, to our horror, that our persuasive principles and conventions have lost all their old force and efficacy. When we try to reason with the wage-earners, to enlighten them, to explain to them that our interests are identical, that they should all pull together like a band of brothers, we find that they are so hopelessly ignorant, so misinformed, so deplorably gulled, in their simplicity, by foreign agitators "paid by the bankrupt Huns and the Russians," that they laugh in our faces and talk rudely about "a pack of lies."

Just at the very time when our dividends have almost melted away into trinitrotoluene and taxes, when we can ill spare the little that is left of them, the wage-earners require more persuasion than ever in the form of wages—the much cheaper persuasion of principles and conventions having quite ceased to be effective.

Thus it is that the dividend-system is at the present moment in dire, hopeless jeopardy; the dividend-system, or, in other words, European civilisation.

And the wage-earners tell us that it is their intention to ask for more and more wages. The better off they are, the worse they get; the more wages they get, the less work they do; the more we take the trouble to improve their conditions, to educate them, to give them more leisure, the less do our persuasive principles touch their consciences. They openly declare their intention of getting more and more wages out of our dividends until there shall be no dividends left at all.

When that comes to pass—and I do not see how it can possibly be avoided—European civilisation, our great dividend-civilisation, will have become an episode of past history.

(To be continued.)

The Core of Poetry

By Mary Webb

Poetry is the subconscious self breaking from its prison of silence and finding its way through the mazes of the written word. Very often it frees itself from the tyranny of the word, expressing itself, not through the thing said, nor even through the idea, but through a rhythm, a cadence, or a chiming of sounds.

No verse is poetry unless the subconscious self speaks through it. In its absence we get work like that of Pope and Browning—prose arranged in metrical form. On the other hand, all prose in which the subconscious is heard becomes, by virtue of it, poetry. So we get the echoing beauty of Synge and the Gospel of St. John. It is because there is so much of it in the works of Keats and Shelley that they are such amazing creatures, stalking through the mists of life like princes of Faery. They have not only the vital essence; they have also the chimes and the rhythms. But none of these outward things is indispensable; the miracle of poetry is beyond them, infinitely remote. Those rare utterances of the soul that remain for all time mysterious and thrilling—haunted words—are often of a childlike simplicity. That which peers from their little window and bursts from their narrow door knows nothing of mere architecture, and would be as little cabined by a temple as by a hut. Take such lines as—

"Listen! the mighty Being is awake."
"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."
"The unimaginable touch of Time."
"A solitary shadow wailing on the margin of nonentity."
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

They are not merely beautiful; they are not only noble in idea: but they reverberate through time; they sound on into eternity; they have an affinity with something not of our world at all. Such things are great, not because of their context, for they shine out from it, whatever it is; nor because of their writer's aggregate of beautiful expression, for very often the poet of one slim book will suddenly startle us with a clangorous phrase like a great bell. It is just that, in the moment when the immortal line was written, the being

that dwells far within the poet's deepest self was awakened by the stir of creative thought, quickened to some latent memory; so there sounded, startlingly, almost fearfully, in the midst of his music, a cry wild and unearthly—crude poetry. The unknown soul from whom once, in a single phrase, such poetry breaks forth is great, no matter how little he has written or (even worse) how much rubbish he has produced. James Clarence Mangan shines out because he said

> "He too had tears for all souls in trouble
> Here and in hell."

So the school of Pope and Dryden become strutting pygmies, for all their immense attainments. By this standard almost the whole of contemporary poetry either shrivels or is revealed as prose—brilliant, but still prose. The few exceptions only make the waste more dreary by comparison. But these exceptions are precious. Although they do not thunder on us like the giants, they have the unmistakable cry. Walter de la Mare stands supreme among them, by virtue of such lines as :

> "Sang down the faint reiterated call
> Of those who came no more,"
> ". . . the heart-dismaying shine
> Of midnight streaming by."

In these lines the subconscious, with low, inward-sounding whisper, arrests us as mere music never could. It is also in the poetry of W. H. Davies, who knows the essence of growing things and the hearts of thrushes, and, with the spiritual hunger that only poets feel, eats of the leaves of the forest :

> "No other noise but these green trees
> That sigh and cling to every breeze;
> And that deep, solemn, hollow sound
> Born of the grave, and made by Bees."

What is this mysterious thing that inhabits the depths of man, glimmering there like an under-water town, sounding from the recesses of being like the plucked harpstring of a mermaid beneath the waves? It has an affinity with the intellect, but it is not the intellect—it is swifter and more unerring in its ways. It holds communion also with the emotions, but it is greater than they are—greater than the whole sum of them. It is akin also to the animal world, so that the poet of genius is more in tune with the bee than he is with the poet of talent. For the animal world seems

to be guided along its dusky way simply by intuition. So the bee's cell of honey is an inspired poem, although it is a poem of matter. The genius works during his inspired moments in as blind a fervour of creation as the bee. In just such a mood Blake wrote :

"Calling the lapsèd soul,
And weeping in the evening dew."

If we could get at the subconscious self of the whole race we should reach a revelation such as there has never yet been. This can be done only through poetry. The more people express this self of theirs in some form of words, the nearer we get to it. It does not matter what the utterance is—moral or non-moral, egoistic or altruistic; nor does it matter how simple the manner of expression. The harpstring has sounded : a human soul has come forth to us, bringing out of the depths something strange, deific. Though words are only the wire along which the electric fluid comes, and though they might often have been better chosen, still it is doubtful whether any others, however beautiful, would have done the work as well as these which darted to the poet's mind with the idea. It is the vibration beneath the thing said that gives us the message and stirs us with awe, just as the tremor in a voice often tells us much more than what is spoken.

"Good things of day begin to droop and drowse——"

Has the homesickness for sweet, natural joys and wholesome days ever been expressed more perfectly than it is there? Yet how simple it is, and how little is said in mere words! Apart from the exquisite falling cadence of "droop and drowse," which is the inevitable artistry of great genius, it might have been said by any intense personality. Where then does the passion come from? We are forced to the conclusion that here the subconscious has asserted itself in such an unusual degree that it is almost independent of the words, running through the sentences as lightning runs through a forest. It was because Shakespeare had so great a share of subconsciousness that he was able to express the deepest instincts of the race and something that, lying beneath them, seems to be the nearest we have yet come to a revelation of God. It is through poetry that we shall come nearer to it. That is why the poet is a priest, and the man who defiles poetry or touches it lightly is a blasphemer.

The Old Dovecote

By David Garnett

At Bolter the trees that stand about the Park are very tall, so tall that when one looks at them one cannot occupy oneself with the insignificant creatures—cows, men, or rabbits—that move below. Those insignificant creatures are conscious of the trees as columns where they can rub their backs, or take ambush, as tall caverns where the flies are languid and the air is cool.

Each tree is a capital city to its caterpillars and a cathedral to the sparrows and small birds that live hopping about its branches. Larger birds shorten wing as they make a landing after a successful voyage, nod their heads, and rest a little before they are driven further by pressing affairs of state.

At one side this natural park is shut in by low hills, half covered with trees whose individuality is completely merged in one growth with interlocking branches. On the open part of the hill there stands an ancient dovecote, too massive in construction to bear the name of ruin, which to the fanciful resembles a fortress erected to the spirit of Peace, and which commands the plain below. This dovecote and a few remnants of stone wall in an adjacent field are all that remain of an ancient town which was destroyed by the Normans, or perhaps by the Danes, nearly a thousand years ago. Since then succeeding generations of cows and sheep have cropped the sward and no very striking changes have occurred.

Hidden by a bend in the river, and on the other side of it, are two streets where people live; there are factories, quarries of china clay, and railway lines. That is Grasp. It is not exactly a town, it is not a village; there are nine hundred inhabitants, whose faces, clothes, and boots are all always white with kaolin. Even on the day of the peace celebrations everything, and everybody, was covered with a

film of white dust. The people had put on their best clothes, but in the street the dust soon covered them.

In the Park, close to the trunk of one of the enormous trees, a man belonging to the working class, whose clothes showed he had been a soldier, was sitting on the grass waiting to shoot rabbits. His eyes were permanently bloodshot. They watered easily: a tear-shell had once exploded in the trench near him. His complexion was red; while his open and pleasant features were blemished by a number of small scars that covered the lower part of his face.

He had got married when he came home on leave two years before and had not seen his wife until he came out of hospital a few weeks since. . . . He had been sixteen months in hospital, so that, as he once reflected, the greater part of his married life had been spent crippled, lying on his back. Lying there he had thought over and over again about every detail of the week's leave when he had got married. He had known his wife before their marriage: they had walked out together in the summer of 1914; they had corresponded too, but he felt he had really got to know her during those sixteen months when there was nothing else for him to do but to think about her. It was in the hospital that he had really come to understand her and had fallen in love with her irrevocably.

When he had come out of hospital it was knowing to what happiness, to what extraordinary bliss, he was certainly returning. He was still physically very weak; possibly he would never be strong enough to go back to the china clay work, but there was no need for him to do anything for the moment. He had his pension, and providentially his wife had been able to take in lodgers as their cottage was on the Bolter side. The lodgers were a Liverpool family called Buckleberry, a mother and two daughters, who had come for a month the year before and were now staying the whole of the summer. They were enchanted by the place, and had taken his wife to their hearts with an enthusiasm which was characteristic of them. They talked to her freely on every subject, asked her advice with real humility, and in their turn advised her about dress, about decorating the rooms, about the flower garden. In her spare moments they read aloud to her, began educating her; in short, they would do absolutely anything for her, had

become part of the household, and, as she said of them herself, "One couldn't have people who tried to be less trouble."

Although he looked now and then at the sandy burrows, it was clear that the man was not thinking about rabbits. He was speaking to himself in a low voice with a peculiarly gentle inflexion, as though all the time conscious of something else more important perhaps than his thoughts. This gentleness or dreaminess had become habitual with him, and he was, in fact, conscious all the time of something else more important, the most important thing of all maybe, whatever he might be doing or saying, thinking or feeling. But sitting under the tree he was murmuring to himself, counting the months aloud:

"The whole of August——September——

"The sixteenth of October——ninety-one days . . .

". . . that is nearly three months."

On the sixteenth of October the Buckleberrys would return to Liverpool.

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While he was sitting there his wife was preparing the evening meal in the cottage. She was in a hurry as she had to wash and change into her best clothes. It was Peace day, and she was going with Mrs. Buckleberry and Miss Hetty and Miss Silvia to watch the sports which were being held in the Park opposite Grasp. There were to be races of all kinds—sack races for the men, egg-and-spoon races for the women, and so on. Several fowls, two black-faced lambs, and a greased pig were to be liberated, and would belong to the person successful in catching them. Besides that there would be a magnificent tea, for which one paid two shillings. It was an attractive programme.

As the woman washed she felt vexed and wished that she was not going to the celebrations after all, but there was, of course, "no getting out of it now." Several things had happened to put her out. Miss Silvia and her mother had come in late for lunch, which they all had together in the kitchen. The raspberry pie had been neither hot nor cold in consequence—not that that mattered. But even the sweetest-tempered people become unreasonably annoyed when they have prepared a meal if the company

cannot be got to sit down to it. In addition, she had had to wait with Charley, her husband, and Miss Hetty, who did not get on well, and were always awkward together, and the meal itself had been awkward too.

"Oh! I'm so sorry we are late!" Miss Silvia had cried when they had eventually appeared carrying cushions and books, and an open parasol which Mrs. Buckleberry had brought into the kitchen and had put down on the little sofa without folding up.

"It's my fault, I'm afraid. I was reading to mother such a delightful book, do you know it?—*Trivia*, by Logan Pearsall Smith. Such quaint little conceits, and so individual! So that I forgot it was Peace day. . . . That sounds very wrong and heartless, doesn't it? . . . and that we had arranged to have lunch early. But perhaps lunch was late too, so it hasn't mattered quite so much—— Oh no! I can see that it wasn't, and I haven't improved my excuses by suggesting it was."

Silvia had a wonderful way of running on when once she began talking, so that the meal had not been hastened when she had laid down her knife and fork, and had assumed a serious air which was altogether unsuited to her face and made her look false and unnatural.

"Peace day! I feel a sort of awe when I think of it! All over the world people have been fighting and now they have stopped, and, whatever we feel about the war, we must all feel that the Right has triumphed. Don't you feel that?" she had asked, turning towards Charley.

The soldier had not been able to think of anything to say; he had no opinion on the subject and was always bored when women or newspapers talked about the war; so with great presence of mind he had said nothing.

"Of course, Charles 'feels that," Mrs. Buckleberry had put in. "We all feel a deep thankfulness in our hearts, but when we feel anything very deeply it is often difficult to put it into words."

"You are making it easier for him! You are encouraging his laziness! He ought to be made to express himself. . . ."

Silvia had laughed a little trill to hide the irritation that she so often felt when she was talking to men. Having mastered it she had looked at Charley with the most

charming, merry good nature, showing her long, narrow white teeth that were like a dog's.

"Have some more peas, Miss Silvia," Charley had said, holding out the dish.

But when lunch was over he had picked up his gun and had pocketed some cartridges. He was going out when his wife had called to him and asked: "Aren't you coming along to the sports?"

"No!" He had shaken his head and had stood looking at her with a melancholy expression.

"I never saw anyone like you, Howard, for taking things the wrong way," she had said without any irritation in her voice.

"I daresay . . . I take things as I can."

"Still, you can't quarrel with your bread and butter."

"That's right . . . but we've all of us got our station."

"You might get us a cocoanut if you came."

He had shaken his head again at the idea, and had added:

"Don't trouble about getting back; I'll hot up the supper."

Outside he had met Miss Hetty waiting for his departure before coming into the kitchen. Tact seems sometimes to go hand-in-glove with eavesdropping.

"Aren't you coming to the sports, Charley?" she had asked him.

"Maybe I'll come along later on," and he had escaped to go and sit under his usual tree in the Park.

Since the Buckleberrys had taken to calling her husband "Charley," Susan had begun thinking of him by his surname, "Howard." With the Buckleberrys, of course, she always spoke of him as "Charley"; when she was alone with him she said "Howard." And he had surprised her one night by suddenly calling her "Lizzie" for no apparent reason. For the first moment she had wondered if there had once been a Lizzie in his life whom she had never heard of, but then she had understood. Susannah, Susan, and Susie were names always on the Buckleberrys' lips. Poor Howard! He seemed to feel in the way in the house. He was always getting up and going out.

Mrs. Howard went quickly about her work. When she had finished she went upstairs to the little bedroom which

she and her husband had kept for themselves. As she was changing into her best frock of white flowered muslin, which Miss Hetty had made for her, she could hear the two girls in the next room: Hetty rocking herself in a rocking chair, and Silvia brushing her hair vigorously. Presently Silvia began reciting poetry in a low voice:

> "See you that robin by himself
> Perched on that leafless apple branch,
> His breast like one red apple left—
> The last and best of all—by chance?"

She gave a little "Oh!"—a bright note of pleasure.

"That's beautiful, isn't it, Hetty?"

Hetty grunted some sort of an assent, though she probably had not been listening.

"You'll be late, Silvia, if you don't hurry up."

"Oh, I'm afraid I shall," answered Silvia in an abstracted tone of voice.

Mrs. Howard finished hooking up her dress and went downstairs, but the girls went on with their conversation.

"These people do make me impatient!" Silvia said suddenly, with surprising violence. "They won't try. I don't mean dear Susanna, because she is simply one of ourselves, but Charley . . . Did you ever see such a dolt as he was at lunch? Of course, he's been wounded and all that, but that is no reason why he should be so apathetic. Perhaps it's men really that I'm railing at. They don't seem to have any interests in their lives. Davies writes poems, but one can't get these people to read him, and Davies was only a little Welsh pedlar after all. They seem to be always trying to make their lives as dull and colourless as possible."

"He is not even coming to the sports," said her sister.

"Oh, there's no bearing with the man! I'm sure if he were a Frenchman or an Irishman he'd be hopping about all over the green."

"Humph!" ejaculated Hetty. "I think all he cares about is shooting rabbits, just as all Allan cares about is his motor-cycle."

"That is so hateful of him! Killing little animals. I'm sure he's nice, and yet he seems somehow insensitive. Do you think if one gave him the life of St. Francis to read he would feel it for himself?"

A few minutes later they all set out. Silvia, who was feeling a reaction from her outburst, took Susanna by one hand while Mrs. Buckleberry took the other. Mrs. Buckleberry was in high spirits; she gave little laughs and took little runs, dragging the others with her. Hetty, who was undemonstrative, lagged slightly behind. The band had begun playing somewhere just out of sight; there were clouds in the sky, and the leaves of the trees rustled and suddenly turned white when a gust of wind struck them.

Sitting under his tree, Charley saw them coming. He wondered whether he ought to get up or say something, or wave his hat without getting up, but he felt paralysed and made no sign.

Silvia waved her free hand and, dragging Susanna and Mrs. Buckleberry, ran forward with the tripping step of a little girl. The band was heard louder, and the wind blew the women's muslin dresses against the calves of their legs, and hurried them on.

It occurred to the man that he might have asked his wife to slip away from the sports and meet him, perhaps in the old dovecote, which was on the hill just above where they were having the races. A picture came into his mind; memories, the memories of the unfulfilled hopes of earlier days, invaded his consciousness.

. . . He was waiting in the old dovecote, alone. It was almost in the dark; the round top, open to the sky, showed a circle of deep, deep blue. All round there were hundreds of pigeon-holes for the nests, and stone strutting ledges.

Why didn't pigeons ever come there nowadays? There must have been a sight of them there in the old time. . . . . Thousands of pigeons rising like puffs of white smoke from the open top of a hop kiln and being scattered by the wind over the cornfields. How mischievous they must have been! They say the monks kept them. There weren't any monks in France, perhaps because of the war. . . . What were monks . . . Monks . . . Monkeys? Troops of monkeys in a church . . . with the roof blown off. . . . Monkeys on broken rafters. . . . A bluebottle fly buzzed noisily round the doorway.

Suddenly there was a rustle, and his wife came in, rather out of breath.

He took her hand, and then put his arms round her.

How warm her cheeks were! They would be alone there, nobody would come in. They could kiss, sit down on the stone floor, and talk. Alone! Alone! Alone!

Never mind, it was too late to suggest it now. He sighed heavily and dismissed the notion from his mind. It was no good waiting for rabbits with that band carrying on like that, and so many people about. Celebrating Peace—It made him remember the war somehow.

His eyes watered. He rose and sauntered back towards the cottage.

It was a good thing, anyway, that Lizzie liked her lodgers. He was afraid they ran her off her legs, and he vexed her too. He didn't seem to take things the right way. He didn't know how, there seemed nothing he could do about it. But somehow he hadn't expected this sort of thing when he got home. He had been sixteen months in the hospital—sixteen months—and he had kept thinking all that time about getting home and Lizzie. He had thought a lot too much about getting back. He had thought he would be alone with Lizzie; he had not reckoned for lodgers. Thinking a lot never did you any good. Everything was so upset nowadays . . . there was a terrible lot of divorce, too. He ought to be happy considering. . . . He was one of the lucky ones.

But as he walked he kept on wiping his eyes with a twisted red handkerchief. How they watered! Anybody who did not know about the tear-shell would think he was crying.

The Team Spirit in Industry

By Malcolm Sparkes

The Work of the Building Trades Parliament of Great Britain.

"This Council is the outcome and expression of a desire on the part of organised Employers and Operatives in the Building Industry to render their full share of service towards the creation of a new and better industrial order."

These words form the opening sentence of the Preface to the Constitution of the Industrial Council for the Building Industry (Building Trades Parliament)—the full official title of that remarkable assembly that is making such wonderful progress towards a real industrial democracy. And they are probably unique in industrial history. A great staple industry, employing nearly a million men, has realised that the best people to rebuild its structure are the people who carry it on—and has set up a representative assembly for this express purpose. The central idea of each industry as a self-governing unit, almost unheard of three years ago, is so simple and attractive that it carries everything before it, and already over forty industries in Great Britain have set up Industrial Councils which follow the Builders' lead—although it must be admitted that they sometimes only follow at a very respectful distance. It is true that the Building Trades Parliament ranks in official records as an ordinary Whitley Industrial Council, but it is becoming very clearly recognised in many quarters that it is something very much more than that, and that it is, at present, unique in several important features. Not only is it the pioneer of the whole Industrial Council Movement—for the scheme was adopted in the Building industry before the Whitley report was published—it is, in fact, the *only* Industrial Council that has been set up by a really large, highly organised, staple industry. The reasons for this phenomenon are not far to seek. They lie in the origin,

principles, and programme of the scheme itself—and these can never be too clearly understood. In the first place, it arose within the industry itself, and was not imported ready-made from a State Department. It is a Labour scheme—a great constructive proposal laid before the Building trades employers by the twelve principal trade unions of the Building industry—and adopted on its merits.

Its aim is not, like the Whitley scheme, a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen, but, in the words of its constitution, "*a new and better industrial order.*" The principles upon which it is based are again a new departure in industrial development. Believing that the mighty forces of goodwill, which are latent everywhere in human nature, can be effectually mobilised for the rebuilding of the industrial order, the scheme deliberately sets out to harness into one team for this common purpose those great powers of leadership and service that have been too long diverted into the sterile fields of largely useless controversy.

Once more let us quote the constitution:

"Industry needs no truce, no compulsory arbitration, no provisions for postponement of disputes. What it needs is confidence and a courageous forward movement, supported by the constructive genius of both sides in common council. Industrial peace must come, not as a result of the balance of power with a supreme court of appeal in the background. It must arise as the inevitable by-product of mutual confidence, real justice, constructive goodwill."

The Building Trades Parliament consists of 132 members; 66 elected by the 22 trade unions of the Building industry, approximately in proportion to their numerical strength, and 66 elected by the 17 associations of Building trades employers, roughly *pro rata* with the number of operatives normally employed by their members. The chairman is a member himself, and therefore has a vote, but not a casting vote. No representatives are appointed by the State—the whole plan being essentially industrial self-government.

It is the only Industrial Council that has omitted the word "joint" from its title; has set out to "realise the organic unity of the industry as a great national service,"

and has the courage to take decisions by the majority of the whole Council, instead of requiring a majority of the Council on both sides, which is the ordinary Whitley Council practice. This is a most fundamental matter. The Whitley Councils, as at present constituted, have actually recognised, as permanent, the very barrier between the two existing "sides" in industry that the Industrial Parliament Scheme was designed to break and which the Building Trades Council, with notable courage and imagination, has already broken, at any rate to some extent.

The cleavage of the future will be between the adventurous and the cautious, and not, as formerly, between employers and employed. Indeed, as will be evident from the composition of the Council, any reappearance of the old cleavage would cause the machine to lock itself and become inoperative. Another feature in which the Building Trades Parliament is unique is its absolute exclusion of disputes. Its function is constructive and nothing but constructive—it is there to build the new industrial order and for nothing else. Disputes must be dealt with, as heretofore, by the Building Trades Conciliation and Demarcation Boards (which are somewhat similar to the newly-constituted American Board of Jurisdictional Awards) or by any other methods that may be thought to be advisable, not for a moment excluding strikes. Under no circumstances can the Building Trades Parliament arbitrate; but although it cannot touch disputes it can always bring forward constructive measures to remove their underlying cause.

But with all its good points and its splendid spirit, the Building Trades Parliament does not, in itself, solve the great problem of the ultimate control of industry. It is, however, an instrument—possibly the best instrument—for producing the solution. For the presentation and investigation of proposals; for the discussion and the education of opinion; for the compulsory code of agreed minimum standards, and the voluntary code of industrial pioneering and advance—for all these the Industrial Parliament provides the means, and there is no problem that will not yield before such methods, applied with enthusiasm and goodwill. The field of operation, as set out in the official programme, is unlimited. In addition to the specific question

of industrial control and the status of Labour, it embraces scientific management and reduction of costs, prevention of unemployment; apprenticeship, technical training and research; safety and welfare methods; inclusion of all operatives and employers in their respective associations; closer association between industry and art—to mention only a selection.

Committees of inquiry, elected by the Council, and consisting in every case of an equal number of operatives and employers, are investigating many of these problems, and more than one-third of the members are engaged upon this work. Liaison officers, appointed by the State, connect these committees with the appropriate Government Departments and generally assist them in an advisory capacity. The results are extraordinarily encouraging—a great new industrial tradition is being created and a vast amount of valuable constructive work is being done.

But it is on the fundamental issue of control that the success or failure of the whole movement must be judged, for that is the crucial test. Will the Building Trades Parliament build the road to a real Industrial Democracy or will it standardise the wage system and perpetuate the existing relationship of employers and employed?

Already we have the first taste of the answer to this question. A committee of eight employers and eight operatives, set up by the Building Trades Parliament "to consider the question of scientific management and reduction of costs, with a view to enabling the building industry to render the most efficient service possible," have presented an interim report which is a veritable landmark in industrial history. For with remarkable courage and insight they have reached the conclusion that the end they have in view cannot be fully attained except as the corollary of democratic control and organised public service. Let the document speak for itself:

"As our investigation proceeded, we became more and more impressed with the immense possibilities lying latent in the new system of industrial self-government implied in the constitution of our Industrial Council, and we believe that, given the vision, the faith and the courage, our industry will be enabled to lead the way in the industrial and social readjustments that are imminent.

"We have glimpsed the possibility of the whole building industry of Great Britain being welded together into one great self-governing democracy of organised public service—uniting a full measure of free initiative and enterprise with all the best that applied science and research can render. . . . . We believe that the great task of our Industrial Council is to develop an entirely new system of control by the members of the industry itself—the actual producers, whether by hand or brain—and to bring them into co-operation with the State as the central representative of the community whom they are organised to serve. Nothing short of this will produce the full development of the 'Team Spirit' in industry, which is the key to the whole problem of production; nothing short of this is worthy of the high ideals for which our Industrial Council stands."

The Committee then proceed to outline proposals designed to lay the "true foundation for such a final consummation." They propose that the overhanging fear of unemployment, which has had such a demoralising effect, both on the character of the craftsman and the quality of his work, shall be completely and finally removed, in order that he may wholeheartedly give of his best. To secure this they recommend that the industry should establish unemployment pay for the whole of its trade union *personnel*, and that the necessary funds should be raised, as a first charge on production, by means of a weekly percentage on the wages bills, to be paid by each employer to a joint committee of employers and operatives. Although collected by a joint committee, the unemployment pay is to be distributed by the trade unions, in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Building Trades Parliament, the scale varying from full wages for a man with a wife and four children, under sixteen, down to half wages for a single man.

The Committee then propose that the rate of interest paid for the hire of capital in the industry should be limited—the scale to rise and fall with the average annual yield of the best Government stock—and that, subject to certain conditions of approval and control, it should be guaranteed. They further recommend that all "owner managers" should receive salaries "commensurate with their ability and subject to periodical revision by a joint

committee." And finally they suggest that the surplus earnings of the industry should be publicly declared every year and devoted to common services controlled by the industry as a whole, through its Industrial Council. Such services would include the establishment of a great development fund for the industry, from which loans could be obtained by members, education and research, and superannuation schemes for the whole registered *personnel* of the industry. The adjustment of prices in conference with the elected representatives of the community is also foreshadowed, and the Report concludes with the following striking passage :—

"We have not hesitated to make great demands, for the emergency and the opportunity are also great, and this is no time for dalliance. We believe that the spectacle of organised Management and Labour, uniting their constructive energies upon a bold scheme of reorganisation and advance, will transform the whole atmosphere of our industrial life, and that the force of a great example is the only thing that will lead the way to the commonwealth that all men of goodwill desire."

The Report is not unanimous. Five of the employers, while in agreement with some of the proposals, do not see their way to sign without important reservations. But the first debate upon it in the Building Trades Parliament revealed a universal willingness to face large issues and a real desire on every hand to get at the true solution of the greatest problem of the time. The Report was referred back to the Committee for the further investigation and development of the principles laid down.

One of the greatest discussions in industrial history has begun, and, whatever its result, its educational value will be difficult to overrate.

Critics and Syndicates

By Thomas Moult

Give a critic his head, and if he be a charlatan he will in the last extremity lose it. Extremity was once embodied in the poems of John Keats, confounding the *Quarterly* bullies and *Blackwood* lampooners so thoroughly that the occasion is marked on the tablets of literary history; possibly in order that we of later generations shall be guided thereby to sustain our decorum to the bitter end, even though beneath the decorum crawls the maggot of a charlatanic mind. Extremity was embodied in the early poems of Thomas Hardy; but in that instance the boycott by a syndicated editor was of too brief a moment to prove of permanent importance. Syndicate and *media* are forgotten already, while the author of *The Dynasts* takes rank among the great poets of the world.

A syndicate of literary criticism is in itself an admission of individual weakness, as indeed is any syndicate whatsoever. Nor can it exist for anything else than bullying and boycott. An individual may pursue the uncritical method in criticism as thoroughly as he wishes, but, badly though he loses his head, the damage he is able to cause cannot be of much account. The seriousness begins when, sooner or later, he has realised his own ineffectuality and made businesslike advances towards the rest of his brow-beating kind. It is inconceivable, of course, that the experience of Keats and the young Hardy can have its counterpart in the more thoroughly individualistic art-world of the present. But if the future should chance to produce such a syndicate it will be well-advised to profit by the differing examples of its predecessors. When it is formed it must certainly take care to procure the secret medical history of any young poet on whose agony its members have planned to gain the sort of place in literature that Croker now holds, and that Lockhart would hold were he not the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. Should the target prove to be physically conditioned after the pitiful fashion of Keats,

everything promises to be well; and, given also the Keatsian quality of genius, that place is assured. For a dying poet is bound to be broken beneath a suave, a discreet persistence of bullying. But if the young genius comes of the sturdy stock of a Hardy, the syndicate will be wise to concentrate on the alternative method, that of the boycott. Bullying is a dangerous practice, particularly if the victim is minded to strike back. The boycott, however, holds out less possibility of immortality than does bullying, so that it may be wiser still to treat him as though he even existed. There is very little chance indeed of a Hardy being snuffed out by the absence of a magazine article. Remains only the negative prospect of the syndicate going down to posterity as a discoverer, which, perchance, is more pleasant than to feel oneself registered for a place in the annals of literary crime.

It is hardly our concern here whether the aforesaid extremity is being embodied once again in the work of any one of our contemporary writers, or whether it is ahead of the present prolific season of lyricism that new greatness lies. But it certainly concerns us that the critics are being given their heads as never before, and that some of them are, in less than the last extremity, showing signs of losing them. All would still be well, of course, if we had the confidence that such lostheadedness will be immediately identified with charlatanry and the headless gentlemen thrust into some sort of oblivion, or at least deprived of their ability for causing even that modicum of damage which running amok of any sort may mean. All would be equally well if their impotence for immediate harm were as sure, though they be allowed to retain their freedom, as that in the long run they will not have even the questionable sort of reputation of the breakers of Keats. But it will be at this particular point that lurks the danger already referred to. Genuine critics never form syndicates—at most they combine to do a harmless bit of log-rolling. It is the charlatans who become syndicated, and precisely at the moment when they feel they are losing their critical heads. It is charlatanry that will extend its entrenchments until it has formed a sort of linen-thread combine, that twists and loops round each individual enterprise, roping in everyone that is not of the nature of Doctor Stockmann, strangling

the resisters, and leaving others to perish in the literary wilderness if they are considered too insignificant for the strangling. If a prominent member of the newly-formed "combine" makes a pronouncement, such as that his concern is being carried on at a loss, or a literary pronouncement which in normal conditions would be frankly regarded as fraudulent, as that of a charlatan, he is hailed as a king of cotton—or criticism. Excited by the power and glory which any drunkard may infect for his moment, the colleagues of the syndicate-leader will be sure to follow his example when arrives their own moment of extremity. If they merely knock down a lamp-post or so, as would be the limit of their damage were they still individuals, it would matter little. But sometimes a syndicate can knock down a poet. A Keats, maybe, too frail, too broken to pick himself up again. Or, maybe, only John Davidson. . . .

The sadder side of the literary history of Davidson's own time would not always produce the gaiety which Mr. Beerbohm has just extracted from it so brilliantly in his *Seven Men*. Nor would "Max," than whom none is more exquisitely sensitive and considerate, ever make an attempt that is not plainly a pretence. The picture of Oscar Wilde's enemies combining to exult openly at his downfall could never be an amusing thing, however adroit, however witty the artist. Nor could that of the many yelping curs around the gallant figure of Grant Allen. "Do with Allen your damn'dest" was the general editorial instruction to the critics on the appearance of *The Woman Who Did*. It almost appears as though the whole literary world were formed into a syndicate for the time being, one critic alone, to his eternal honour, retorting that he would see the pack of curs in hell first. . . . We are a long way travelled from the "'Nineties," but there must surely come again the time when there will be cliques who lose their heads, and before they are finally checked or before they come to a stop from mere exhaustion, in the group of reviews they control settle the fates of half a dozen young writers foolish enough to be sensitive under unjustifiable bludgeoning. There will still be the editors who never on any occasion permit themselves or their staffs to mention the name of any author outside their particular circle. All this, and more, probably without even the stimulus of the last extremity.

For away in the wilderness, quietly, obscurely, that last extremity will most likely be embodying itself in the poetry of one whom their keen eyes will have noted, however obscure he might be, but whose name they will take precaution shall never be mentioned. And the day will come when in his sudden and full presence they lose their heads completely, and for ever. . . . Posterity, of course, having gained wisdom enough to dismiss them for what in truth they are, charlatans and not the real thing at all. For a genuine critic of poetry must of his very nature be a poet, and no poet ever loses his head except in a way which causes damage to nobody. The evil thing about the charlatan is that he loses his head in a way that infects the rest of the charlatans and breaks many hearts—yea, even the heart of a Keats.

The Punishment of War Guilt

By Austin Harrison

The General Election, which gave us the Coalition described a year later by Lord Birkenhead as "invertebrate," was fought by the Prime Minister on three issues. First, Germany was to pay £23,000,000,000; the second cry was "no conscription"; the third was "hang the Kaiser," and on this mandate of "down the League of Nations" the "wizard" swept the country. At the time thinking men did not take the "cuts-off-heads-off" part of the programme very seriously, and shortly afterwards Sir Valentine Chirol, in the *Times*, wrote a significant letter showing why such a trial was undesirable and impolitic, so that for quite a while little more was heard of it. To-day, Peace, such as it is *pro forma*, has been ratified; the long list of war culprits is ready; according to the terms these culprits are to be handed over for trial within one month of the writ.

The punishment of war guilt is new. After Waterloo, the Allies did not try or punish Napoleon's officers, and Napoleon himself was only placed out of danger owing to the magnetism of his conquistadorial personality. He was not tried, though for eighteen years he had drenched Europe with blood; indeed, Wellington acted with a fine sense of English tradition, like the true soldier and gentleman that he was.

Nor did Bismarck seek to punish the French after 1870. We may regard it as axiomatic that if we had punished the Boer Generals after the South African War they would not so loyally have supported us in the Great War. We owe, perhaps, our position to-day to the wise statesmanship of the late Campbell-Bannerman.

What do we mean by war guilt? War is violence, *i.e.*, the negation of law. The Japanese, for instance, clearly broke the rules (if there are any in war) in holing the Russian battleships somewhat previously at Port Arthur, but nobody thought of trying them for this anticipatory

action. War guilt can thus hardly be tried by canons of law, seeing that the whole essence of war is action, the object of which is the destruction of human life. As there is no precedent, what then is to be the basis of justice, what the formula and procedure? When it comes to the trial of many hundreds of culprits, the justification of criminal procedure must at least be determined and, in its application, be single, for what is really the issue is principle, and what is humanly the stake is correction. Both principle and stake will fail unless the accusers first of all formulate and codify a book of rules, which they can publicly prove have been flagrantly abused.

From the legal point of view a dilemma is at once reached. In the first place, the accusers cannot in law be also the judges. Such a trial, therefore, becomes a court-martial. In the second, as there was no code before 1914, so any code arbitrarily established after war cannot by any reason in law be made to apply previous to the existence of such a code. At best civilisation then can only try war culprits by way of example—to set an example. And if this is the motive—and it can be the only justification—it is clear that the administration of such justice must be viewed rather from the angle of psychology than from any true standpoint of law; in other words, the question is the effects of punishment upon the nation concerned as a national or military deterrent.

That is to say: will the result of punishing some six hundred Germans conduce to a more peaceful and rational frame of mind among them, or the contrary? If not, obviously such punishment will fail in motive. The man who argues to the contrary must be a poor student of human psychology and certainly no reader of history.

When we come to our code the judges will have to take into account military tradition. Take, for example, the submarine warfare. It will be very difficult for us to punish its authors, seeing that Admiral Sir Percy Scott warned us before the war that submarines would be Britain's danger and that it was not to be supposed that an enemy would refrain from using that new arm against merchant shipping. Lord Fisher has also published in his book, *Memories*, a letter addressed to Tirpitz containing these words: "I don't blame you for the submarine business. I'd have done

the same thing myself." As Lord Fisher has also divulged his plan to "Copenhagen" the German Fleet, we shall have to be very careful how, as the trustee of the seas, politicians condemn what our own Admirals would approve.

Again, take the destruction of property, in connection with which a French court-martial at Amiens recently sentenced two German officers to *ten years' solitary confinement* for the destruction of the Briey mines.* The law clearly has no jurisdiction in cases of material destruction in war. When, for instance, the Roumanian oil fields were threatened by the German invasion, Englishmen—a member of Parliament, I believe, among them—went out to Roumania and destroyed the pipes and oil mines machinery as effectively as possible. Will any man pretend that this iconoclastic action was penal? It was a military preventive act and served a good military purpose. How are we to condemn Germans for destroying mines when we did precisely the same? Justice dare not be partial or it becomes ridiculous. But in the event of it being ridiculous, the whole purpose of the law is defeated, and instead of correction we shall promote chaos.

Now, if the punishment for *material* damage, which is common in all war, and, in fact, is of the essence and object of war, is ten years' solitary, what in the name of Heaven is to be the punishment for the man who ordered Captain Fryatt to be shot, seeing that we can hardly revive the rack or ourselves indulge in the "terrible" tortures so eloquently attributed to the Bolshevists in the columns of our leading newspapers? And yet we must discriminate between human atrocities and *mere material damage*, which I seriously question whether any soldier would condemn as an atrocity in war, or we shall gravely compromise our sincerity and throw back civilisation a century. And there must be a recognised scale of penalties. We shall disgrace ourselves if we allow one Hun to be sentenced to ten years' imprisonment by a French tribunal, whereas another Hun receives six months in London for the same offence. Unless these trials are to be frankly vindictive, we who own so vast a portion of the world will have to be peculiarly careful, for

* My friend, M. Davray, writes to point out that this is a mistranslation. It was so published in the *Times*, and has not been corrected. We ought certainly to know what is the truth, being nationally co-responsible.

at this hour the very meaning of Empire is on trial, and with Ireland on our conscience—and it is—and the abominations of Amritsar to atone for, we ought certainly to exercise caution before, for instance, we condemn and shoot the German chemist who invented gas while cheerfully we furnish one portion of the Russian nation with gas made in England to slaughter the other half without even a declaration of war. The whole thing will lapse into comedy, if we proceed perfunctorily, and into world horror if we proceed arbitrarily to shoot and imprison the soldiers of a defeated enemy on the lines of the French court-martial at Amiens. I repeat: if ten years is the punishment for mere material damage, what is to be the torture for the slayer of Nurse Cavell?

There is another aspect which is fundamental. The truly guilty are clearly the authorities, the Admirals and Generals; yet these are precisely the men who apparently are not to be tried. The two officers condemned to so frightful a penalty by a French court-martial acted upon orders; they were not the real culprits, they were subordinates who would themselves have been shot had they refused to carry out the orders given. An army is controlled by discipline. In the case of Captain Fryatt, the guilt lies with the highest instance, not with the executioners, and to punish the subordinate would be a travesty of justice.

"Frightfulness" was one of the German doctrines of war action. Unquestionably the German Chancellor is far more responsible for the horrors of the submarine war than any U-boat captain who had to carry out the imperial orders. Literally, the only way we could get at the real culprits, the men formatively responsible for German brutalities, would be to try the Kaiser and all the commanding Generals, the leading statesmen, and the leading editors and professors of Germany, and to shoot them. That would at least be Byzantine. But to try to punish the subordinates of the German Army, except in rare cases where absolute individual responsibility can be proved, would not be justice, for we should let off the real culprits and show ourselves to be insincere. The truth is this thing can only be done on a grand spectacular scale, because in reality its true object is spectacular. Set up as an historical Inquisi-

tion of the mighty it would at least be a world drama, if not that it will degenerate into a holocaust of the irresponsible. Now, an Inquisition is not consistent with the democratic idea. As a mere military *auto-da-fé*, justice would become a farce. Civilisation would laugh. Instead of a corrective, the law would be degraded into victimisation, a policy of revenge followed in due course of time by its nemesis. It behoves us very seriously to consider the effects of a policy of victimisation, we who so loudly denounce terrorism in others. As at present administered, the "law" appears to be local in incidence, in temper and procedure. Imagine the effects upon a defeated enemy of some six hundred officers languishing in French gaols while the men who gave these culprits their orders get off scot-free! Does any sane man believe a League of Nations can be built up through the torture chamber? Can anyone think that such is the way to end war, to induce harmony in Europe, to bring about a condition of peace? Such a man must indeed be a simpleton.

Now do the soldiers want this victimisation policy? They do not. No such demand has come from our soldiers. The Americans have refused to have anything to do with such a policy. Who then wants it? I have yet to meet the man who does not regard the whole idea as a mistake. Why then are we embarking on a policy destined to create a century of implacable hate, calculated to bring about chaos and anarchy in Germany, certain to make us look ridiculous before the judgment of the world?

What happens to the Kaiser is immaterial. He ought to be tried by Neutrals in a neutral court. But no doubt Holland will relieve politicians of responsibility by refusing to hand him over.

Picture the scene. We call for Tirpitz—he shoots himself. We summon Ludendorff—he commits *hari-kari*, like Admiral Togo, and again there is a world sensation. Our next call is for the late Chancellor—he takes hemlock, like Socrates. Mackensen—he cuts his throat. Captain Pappenheim—he swallows his sword. Again we try. Prince Henry—he drowns himself. The editor of the *Lokal-Anzeiger*—he escapes to Russia. The editor of the *Kreuz-Zeitung*—he hunger-strikes. Professor ———;

he vanishes. Another professor—he takes gas. And so on. There is boiling oil but no prisoner. The world titters. What will mankind, suffocating in the agony of blood and famine, say to this demonstration of justice in the year 1920? And, again, if these men surrender and we shoot, what then? Even to-day the shooting of Marshal Ney raises horror in our minds. Do we intend to make a hundred Neys? And do we seriously seek to persuade ourselves that this form of national humiliation is the way to end militarism? The deaths of these men—rightly or wrongly—will become legendary. Their martyrdom will be sung in prose and verse. A white-hot flame of rage will kindle the dream of revenge in every German's heart, and there will be no peace obtainable or conceivable. And if they refuse to surrender, what then? We shall have to go into Germany and find them, conduct a *razzia*, restart the war. In whose cause? Certainly not in the cause of democracy. In all probability, Noske would fall and we should have to occupy Germany and bring Scotland Yard to Berlin. Bolshevism would arise, chaos, and all hope of an indemnity would vanish. Our debt would grow. In misery and revolution civilised Europe would eventually collapse.

Every German born will be cradled on the thought of "the next Day." The notion of a couple of hundred Dreyfus cases all at once as the symbol of the world's justice—for as such these trials will inevitably be represented in Europe—is indeed fantastic. A justice which lets off the murderer of Jaurès must be suspect.

No statesman, of course, would allow this policy to go forward for five minutes, because it must defeat the very motive of statesmanship. If our desire is peace in Europe—and if we do not very soon now establish real conditions of peace we shall be involved in the inevitable European crash, social and economic—then our policy must be one of sanity, must be big and constructive, or we shall merely foster a latent spirit of war which, sooner or later, League or no League, will lead to war. It is not in the slightest a matter of sentimentality. The sole question is the utility of this policy as a corrective, that is, as a humanising instrument. The problem thus is psychological.

And this is the only sane way to view the matter. Is it

politically expedient? Will it serve the cause of peace or war? Will it further progress or retard it?

When we consider that the whole trend of opinion in the modern world is against punishment as a remedial agency, and that before the war our present War Minister was personally concerned in modifying prison treatment, while Mr. Lloyd George earned notoriety for his sentimental espousal of the case of the "Dartmoor shepherd," it is astonishing to find this former champion of "humanity" associated with a policy of victimisation which has no precedent in military history and already has the ugly features of a vendetta. Does Mr. Lloyd George approve the sentence of ten years' solitary confinement or imprisonment (?) for material damage? We have a right to know, for as a nation we are co-responsible, seeing that without our support France would not dream of thus standardising the embers of hate. We cannot dissociate ourselves from this sentence. It is done on our power, in our name. Our *honour is involved.* The British nation has a clear right to understand the terrible liabilities incurred by such a policy.

In sum it comes to this. As a policy, victimisation stands self-condemned, and in law no justification can be established. It can thus only be a policy of retaliation. Are the prisons of Britain and France to be full of Germans dying slowly and pitifully in prisons? Is it possible England, the land of Milton, Nelson, Byron, and Wellington, would tolerate this inhumanity as the climax to the war of "liberation"? Could the Protestant Churches survive so complete an abnegation of spirituality?

Dare we, finally,—and this aspect of the question we should consider with all the common-sense at our disposal —imperil the foundations and reason of our imperial attachment by embarking on a policy which will lead to a century of implacable hate; which is repugnant to the whole spirit of democracy and modern civilisation; which, nationally, is un-English and, internationally, is destructive; which, whether ethically or materially viewed, is mean and unsoldierly?

The Beginning of Sanity

By Austin Harrison

With the fall of M. Clemenceau we enter the direct secondary results of the Peace of Versailles, thus already condemned even before it has been ratified. Truly, it may be said, "there is a judgment." Rarely, if ever, can history point to such a bathos. Three men in command of the world meet together to reconstitute the world. They are Gods; there is no opposition. Their subject Peoples conspire to give them sovereign power. Yet with all the opportunities of life at their command, what they fashion is so inhuman, so senseless, so fantastically abominable, that long before the general public has grasped the nature of the Peace, to arrive at which it is computed some twelve millions of young men died, its two chief authors are driven from the stage, as it were, by the laughter of the Gods. With the departure of the two "great" men, the curtain rises anew. We come down once more to realities. The blast of their terrible economic legacy chills to the bone.

M. Clemenceau's fall is the corollary of President Wilson's fall. Thus the two extreme ideas which clashed at Paris and culminated in the unworkable Treaty equate on a negation, though for diametrically contrary reasons, and in fact because the failure of the one extreme automatically involved the failure of the other. Perhaps the vision of the one was too near to war, the vision of the other too far from peace—it does not matter. What matters is the fact. Idealism that was not consistent and materialism that was not intelligent have died of spontaneous combustion, on the one side of spiritual inanition and on the other of material inanity. So Error destroys itself. The man who planned eternal peace and the man who would have made everlasting war, both are to-day but the relics of their havoc. And the world breathes again. Infinitely ridiculous, bathetic, inglorious as is this end to such noble purpose here, such indomitable devotion there, it was necessary, urgent. The wreckers of Europe had to be swamped in their own

wreckage. They had to destroy one another first before any man could build afresh, could hope to rescue even the sanity of Europe. They are gone. Only Mr. Lloyd George remains of the world's triumvirate. Mankind is again free. The shroud with which these men between them would have buried democracy now covers their respective memories.

Why is this world fall? What is the explanation of this tragic descent? The answer is simple. As has been explained in this REVIEW again and again, the politicians at Paris failed to understand that the key to the position of Europe, as the heritage of the war, and the key to any position, *created or creatable*, was economics; not, as they in their several vanities imagined, territorial demarcations, strategic boundaries, fruits and fruitions; above all, *not the old balance of power*. President Wilson saw only his dream, the League of Nations; M. Clemenceau saw only military security and revenge. To-day, these men vanish from the scene because at Paris they thought in terms of politics instead of economics. They did not realise that *conditions controlled*, not men, or the imaginings of men, and that Europe could not in the existing mechanism of international credit be grouped and remilitarised on formations of military units usual to conquerors in the pre-capitalist era. What I described in these pages last month as the "work of the old men" has proved only too exact. At Paris they cut their own throats. They destroyed, in the teeth of the sound advice given by men like Mr. Hoover and Mr. Maynard Keynes, their own economic mechanism, even as they denounced Bolshevism. In a word, having wrecked Europe, they are caught in their own wreckage. They disappear—because literally there is nothing else left for them to do.

We must understand this, for we shall soon all feel the hideous effects of their work, and the first thing to understand is this. M. Clemenceau fell because America refused President Wilson; refused, that is, to underwrite the European chaos made at Paris. This American sanity, as we shall shortly realise, has saved Europe from sheer cataclysm, for what the politicians did at Paris was to

establish a Europe which could not produce, *i.e.*, could not trade, could not even feed herself, and absolutely was without credit. The original idea was to make Germany pay, but M. Clemenceau thought only of revenge, and so Germany was pulverised. But then it was found that Germany could not pay. The next idea was to get America to underwrite. This America refuses—not unnaturally. If America is to feed half Europe east of the Rhine, security is necessary. But there is and can be no security. President Wilson entirely forgot that not unimportant condition of his own capitalist State. When, therefore, America declined the position of universal provider on nothing, the three masters of the world found themselves without a policy, recognising, when it was too late, that bankruptcy was hardly what the democracies of the world expected as the result of the "new order" of peace and plenty. America's refusal to ruin herself for the benefit of three men grotesquely ignorant of economics thus undermined the whole structure of unrealities composed with such pomp and extravagance at Paris, and so M. Clemenceau paid the inevitable penalty of bad thinking, even as he himself had caused America's President to pay the penalty of bad economics. For the ghastly truth is this. Europe is semi-starving, as the result of Paris. Now if America will not feed this Europe gratis, and cannot obtain security for the food exports necessary to keep these unfortunate peoples alive, who is to put up the food? We cannot, because we import 40 per cent. of our own food. America has thus forced the Paris politicians to think. They cannot say to an expectant world: "Here is the new order. It means that about 100,000,000 people in Europe must live in perpetual conditions of mendicancy; and some 20,000,000 must die of starvation." That really would be too much of a help to Lenin, and so they turn to the only country which can supply this food, which did supply it before the war, namely Russia; and that is the reason of Mr. Lloyd George's sudden "partial" raising of the blockade against that country.

Despite Mr. Churchill's martial visit to Paris, accompanied by Field-Marshals and Admirals, Mr. Lloyd George has been compelled to common sense in his own

despite, doubtless preferring the visible results of failure to the fear of sharing the extinction suffered by his two far more constitutionally controllable partners in world-building, removed, as we have seen, decently from the scene by their respective democracies. Let us examine the position, for a more extraordinary one surely never existed in history or fairy tale. A year ago, Koltchak was our man, and he was to link up with Denikin, while we, pressing down from Archangel, rigged up a North-Western Russian Republic to take Petrograd from the West. This Napoleonic design was the particular care of Mr. Churchill, who at the time was commonly addressed by his immediate entourage as "P.M.," the coming Prime Minister. He was warned what would happen, to my certain knowledge, but "General Gallipoli" thought this time he had a winner. "Leave the Bolshies to me," was his attitude, and so an utterly unthinking nation did. Not a year later utter failure is the result. Koltchak is arrested; Denikin is worsted; we have withdrawn from the North; the North-Western Republic no longer exists; in a word, Lenin triumphs, and, to make matters worse, Lenin holds the only reservoir of food available whereby alone these starving millions in Europe can be saved from the death sentence promulgated in the name of justice and liberation at Versailles.

Why has Mr. Churchill's Russian policy failed? It is important to grasp this, for we cannot permit this wild gamble on the nation's credit to continue much longer unless we desire to test the Bolshevist state ourselves, with or without the "atrocities." Mr. Churchill failed, as he invariably has failed, because of lack of judgment. He ignores facts, his premisses are always wrong; he acts on impulse. Yet this time he might have succeeded, *had he been sincere*, which, very unfortunately for us, was not the case. The true reason of his Russian military failure is that all the time he has been *playing a double game*, though this was the consequence of the Paris Treaty, through which, of course, he had to work. And so poor Denikin failed because all the time that we were supplying him with money, tanks, gas, guns, supplies, and aeroplanes, we were *carving up Russia*, which, of course, is the very thing Denikin is fighting for. As Paris has defeated the two

men who made the Treaty, so Paris has really defeated Denikin, Koltchak, and the North-Western Republic. For Denikin and the other Generals are Nationalists and their aim is the integral Russias of the Tsars, and never will they agree to split up Russia to satisfy M. Clemenceau's strategic rearrangement of Europe, any more than Mr. Lloyd George himself would surrender North Wales to Portugal to complete the military cordon of any other nation aiming at the military domination of Europe.

This should be clearly understood. Denikin, Koltchak, and the rest are Nationalists. They do not accept, and will not accept, the new creations of Esthonia, Lithuania, Roumanian Bessarabia and regenerated Greater Poland, etc., etc., carved out of Russia at Paris to create a military line of defence (1) against Bolshevism, (2) as a ring or advanced strategic first line against Germany. And to be noted in this connection is this singular coincidence, that the day it is realised that Denikin has lost the campaign, we grandiloquently proclaim the "independence" of Georgia, which is an old, sacred, and peculiarly Russian portion of the Russias, and the region of Baku, where, as all who have speculated in oil are aware, the celebrated Russian oil mines are. No wonder Denikin's army evaporates! While the hapless General is retreating in the cause of Nationalist Russia, we calmly carve up the background—the very thing for which his men are fighting—yet presumably Mr. Churchill is astonished at this unfortunate end of so brilliantly a conceived campaign. Exactly the same thing happened with General Yudenitch, who could have captured Petrograd three months ago and would have captured it had we given him the desired assurance that a Denikinised Russia would recognise the independence of all the little Peoples wrenched out of the Russian nationality by the politicians, whose real aim is to cripple Russia even as they have crippled Germany. *We could not give this assurance*, and so Yudenitch's forces marched home. Such is the reason of this Russian failure. We have really played Lenin's game all along, for where Lenin was weak was on the question of nationality, but the moment the Russians saw that the policy of the Allies was not only to destroy Bolshevism but to carve up Russia,

deprive her of the seas, and shut her out even from her own oil and from all egress to the Baltic and the Mediterranean, why Lenin's cause became Russia's cause, and so it has come about that the General who defeated Denikin was his own celebrated Cossack General, Domenko.

I do not know whether Scotland Yard is concerned about our War Minister's Bolshevist leanings, but certain it is that Mr. Churchill has worked for Lenin in a way I personally hardly thought conceivable six months back, even allowing for the hideous muck I told one of his advisers he could be counted upon to make of any military expedition of which he was director. But there it is. Lenin has won the year's fighting simply because we have put our money—and most literally so—on two horses; on Denikin to slay Bolshevism, on the little Peoples to carve up Russia. The position Mr. Lloyd George is left with is unique. For the last few weeks our blood has been made to freeze by fearful newspaper reports of Bolshevist imperial ambitions, the danger to India, and crocodile tears have been shed for "poor little" Poland, threatened with the Tartar invasion. The real truth is that Paris has got so alarmed at the breakdown of Denikin that the cordon is to be utilised, and so Poland has been egged on to attack Russia. Once more, Paris is destined to ruin its own creations. Poland is in desperate plight. Her money is worthless; she cannot trade; she is ravaged by typhus; her population is semi-starving; and her army is only in being by virtue of our support, financially and in material. Yet this miserably poor, bankrupt, semi-starving People are to be hounded on to carve up Russia, even as we finance Denikin, who is fighting to prevent this exploitation of his late master's soil! Can it be beaten? Can political dishonesty and criminal irresponsibility go further? How long are we to permit this tomfoolery to continue to destroy Europe? It cannot last long because even our credit system will not stand indefinite inflation. We are short this year by about £700,000, and our debt approaches £9,000,000,000. Are we really to finance a Polish anti-Russian war? I know this. If we do we shall be involved in the inevitable crash that will overtake all Europe as its direct and inevitable result.

So we stand to-day. To rehearse the position. First, America refuses to underwrite—result, the fall of President Wilson, followed by M. Clemenceau. Secondly, the failure of our anti-Bolshevist military campaign—result, the Litvinoff-O'Grady negotiations, and Mr. Lloyd George, as ever seeking the line of opportunism, partially raising the Blockade, apparently (one never knows what he will do next week) reversing the Churchill policy of restarting the war on the blood of Poland. The rest is suspended chaos. Germany cannot trade because she has no credit, no raw, and cannot live. Austria is absolutely starving, kept alive only through charity. Italy, turned Socialist, is ensconced in Fiume, which thus smashes the Jugo-Slav creation, which in consequence is arming for war. Poland is bankrupt, positively a "kept" State, a non-economic unit. In Czecho-Slovakia, the Czechs refuse all Parliamentary rights to the minorities we have placed in subjection contrary to the whole spirit of the Covenant, and the Czechs are now beginning to realise that a Federation is the only way out and that they must be co-operatively connected with Austria. In Hungary we are basely permitting unspeakable terrorism on the part of the "whites" or Jingoes, in return for which we have at last presented her with a treaty the nature of which our Press refrain from explaining. Meanwhile Lenin wins, and we are faced with the prospect of a defensive war in Georgia and—where the oil is, plus the desperate problem of shall we take Constantinople or shall we risk another Suez Canal partnership just by way of showing our appreciation for the euphemistic Bolshevism of the now discredited Covenant? A pretty mess. A ghastly liability. All Europe, with the exception of the Neutrals, east of Dover is insolvent; all Europe east of the Rhine in an enforced state of non-productivity, with no credit and unable to feed itself, as the work of three men at Paris, two of whom have already had to quit, leaving but one of the triumvirate, and he on the fence.

What next? Only one root factor conditions—Bolshevism and the utter unlikelihood of any acceptance of Lenin's Government on the part of what is called the Supreme Council, but which really now consists of Mr. Lloyd George. We may revert to the militarist plan and

set on Poland to fight Russia, in which case Poland will go to pieces, but for the moment it looks as if the Prime Minister, in association with a more rational French Government, will try tactics, compromise, opportunism, which will only defer the coming *débâcle* and the now inevitable breakdown of the Treaty in its basic economic provisions. Perhaps the most singular thing about this unique political scandal is the complete autocratic power enjoyed by the Prime Minister. He goes to Paris, decides on war or blockade, carves up Empires, seizes others, and disposes of Peoples in sovereign secrecy; unknown to Parliament, without check or hindrance, actually remaps Europe on his own as if the world was his chess-board and the war was fought to enable him to display his talents for imperial and geographical prestidigitation. And this he does when actually he is constitutionally no longer the representative head of the country, seeing that in the numerous by-elections Labour has polled more votes than the Coalition, and, without all question, were he to go to the polls he and his hayrush Coalition would be defeated. Can this continue? That should be the first question to settle. Are we to continue to submit to this purely self-imposed dictatorship in the face of the Peoples' opinions and in the face of the stupendous failure of the Treaty, which, if upheld, means continuous war and, if not upheld, means nothing. A pretty costly nothing, as we shall discover when eventually the public is asked to pay the bill. No ruler in any country ever quite had the power wielded to-day by Mr. Lloyd George. He made the Treaty. What is the country going to do about it, now that France and America have rejected their respective responsible leaders?

The world position is complex for its peculiar simplicity. There are two key factors, the one America's refusal to finance European chaos, and the other the economic deadlock consequent (1) on the mountains of debt, (2) on Bolshevism, or the struggle for the new economic order. People here who imagine that because there never has been such a year for Stock Exchange speculation, therefore all is well, are living in dreamland, and indeed this is not so surprising considering that at Paris the politicians dreamed

so marvellously that they never woke up at all. What is the position of France seeking to constitute herself mistress of Europe in imitation of Louis XIV., adding vast regions to her colonies, ordering war here and mandates there, like Napoleon after Jena? In reality France is in a very sad position. She has suffered terribly. Owing to her refusal to levy taxes, she has a debt that cannot be met, and with a declining population she is adding still further to her Empire—on inflation. Two years of the Paris Treaty policy and France would have been financially ruined, irretrievably so; the problem of Europe is really not whether France can play Napoleon over Europe, but whether Europe can actually save France from the common ruin, in which good cause certainly we will do all we can to assist her. Yet we can only help France *if France helps herself*. That is, France must return to sanity. She must understand quickly now that economics control, not "fruits" or Pompadours, and get back to the France of Voltaire. Not the least astounding result of Paris is that two non-conformist Anglo-Saxons have re-established a Greater Catholic Europe, which is, of course, the reason of the Franco-Polish military empire. But that vainglorious chauvinism will never mature. France will now have to take an *historically important* decision and it will be the immediate test of the Millerand Cabinet. It is this. Will she try to uphold the Clemenceau Treaty? Or, realising that the Treaty means European chaos, economic decay, and finally complete breakdown, in which France inevitably will be involved—we cannot help her and America will no longer underwrite—will she remember her own great heart, true to her own great reason, and with that fervour that is her glory, will she cry to bleeding Europe, "*Debout les morts*," in the words of her own soldier? It is just possible that such a spirit might save France and Europe, but France cannot be saved unless Europe is also saved, and if the French fail to grasp the truth of the war, which is that only economics control, she will go down in turmoil and revolution, crushed in her own insensate havoc.

What the "big" three have left us with is a European situation very much like that which faced Louis XVI, the heir to "the deluge," only the incidence is universal. The

foolish newspapers, that seem to imagine that Soviet society can be exorcised by stunts about atrocities, are acting precisely like the aristocracy of France under Marie Antoinette, and are slitting their own noses. What has failed conspicuously in Europe is representative government. There is no longer a Government. We are controlled by a secret Junta, themselves controlled by finance, and to-day Parliament has no longer the authority of the old market-place. That is Europe's danger, as we emerge from the war. Authority is no more; the new privilege is finance. Before the god, capital, Governments to-day cringe, like the eunuchs of a Sultan. And that is why men no longer seem to matter. We say: "Where are our great men?" The answer is, commercialism has killed them. Dimly they realise that the old civilisation is passing, that the transition will be bitter, and they are inarticulate; they fear. The god is capital. It controls Governments, Press, and society. Our Pro-consuls are silent. Our old men cannot see the quicksand on which they fondly erect the old Empires and fortifications; they do not understand. And youth is as yet still unthoughtful, lusting in its release. Thus we frivol while Europe sinks. Thus men make fortunes which all the time add to the debt. Thus at Paris they thought they were building Empires of world-control, whereas in truth they were composing nothing but a cantata of their own vanity and ineptitude.

The whole structure of Paris must be swept away, "cleaned-up," or not only shall we drift still deeper into the abyss, but finally we shall crash. There are two immediate steps to be taken. First, we ought to make peace with Russia; secondly, we ought with France to make up our minds to call a new Peace Conference and begin all over again. But this we cannot do without enthusiasm and sincerity. For instance, we cannot make peace with Russia if our aim is a mandatory policy over Georgia and the Baku oilfields, Armenia and Constantinople, etc., as clearly is the case with the presence of our Fleet in the new "strategic" waters of the Black Sea. We cannot make peace with Russia, because at Paris the insane politicians carved up Russia, thus making Bolshevism the military power that it has since become. Whichever way politicians

twist and wriggle, they will find themselves caught in their own meshes, for the Russian problem to-day is twofold. If we made peace with Lenin—which capitalist Governments assuredly will not do—we should be faced with Russian national opposition. Peace would merely be illusory, and nothing can alter this fundamental fact that M. Clemenceau's Eastern "sanitary cordon" at the expense of Russia means Russian national antagonism now and always until that artificial barrier is broken and the lands torn from Russia are restored to her. All the talk about peace with Russia is moonshine. We may rig up a bogus compromise with Lenin—France needing flax, and Europe needing food—but the real problem will then begin; it will be Russia's national regeneration.

Only men ignorant of history, intoxicated with vanity, indifferent to economic laws and national psychology, could imagine that France, with a population of 37,000,000, can aspire to hold down Central Europe plus Russia, this latter Power even more eviscerated than Germany, reduced literally to a land "on sufferance." For France can hold this position even nominally *only* on our financial and naval support, which, again, finally will be conditioned by the support of America. Nothing can alter this economic fact. It is the key of the position. And until we face it we shall but play skittles in the air and there will be no peace and no recovery, and then one morning the Governor of the Bank of England will wish he had never been born. To get on at all we must fully understand that President Wilson and M. Clemenceau have fallen, not by accident or the cruel sling of fortune, but positively because their removal was the pre-condition to Europe's existence, they having created a Europe which could not exist. Conditions control, that is, economics. Mr. Lloyd George will be swept away just as unexpectedly *unless he moves with the conditions*, which it is just possible he may do, seeing that he is at least an expert in the "world's slippery turns." What he says or does will matter little. If he starts a war to protect Georgia and the Baku oilfields, the world's agony will be prolonged; and similarly if he starts a Polish-Russian war—it will only smash the Poles. Sooner or later he will be brought up on the spike that has pricked the

Paris bubble—America's refusal to finance world chaos. That means that we cannot finance it either. Force will no more destroy idea than Napoleon could destroy nationality. In fact, Napoleon gave all Europe the idea of nationality through his attempt to destroy it. The world is no longer in the hands of politicians or of financiers; it is in the hands of economic conditions governed by a new human idea. That idea is progress. All the battleships, all the lies, all the financial operations of all the banks in Christendom will not stay the march of progress now rendered inevitable by the deadlock fashioned at Paris out of the muslins and gunpowder of the past, for just as Napoleon in his fall gave to Europe the idea of liberty, so at least President Wilson has presented Europe with the liberation of idea. His work is done—it will live. Already it is the great idea of the war. It has been made real through unreality, made true through error.

When M. Clemenceau smashed President Wilson, he smashed his own military imperial design, though he did not understand this, through ignoring economics. And when America, understanding economics, refused the capitalist ethics of their President, they incontinently saved Europe. It is the same with Russia. In attacking Lenin, we made the same mistake that we made in the French Revolution, *i.e.*, we made it real. We have saved Bolshevism because we underpinned the loyalty of loyalist Russians by playing them false. To-day we are confronted with the results of these two colossal mistakes. Both are economic causes and effects and no politics can affect them. The fate of Europe depends upon their solution, and that fate is in the hands of Mr. Lloyd George. Mr. Maynard Keynes could show him how to save himself and Europe in forty minutes, but if he prefers the advice of Mr. Churchill, then we may expect another little war in the Caucasus, culminating in the slow disintegration of Europe and anarchy. It may be that anarchy is now the only way out. If the new French Government see the red light, something sensible may be done, but I doubt it, because finance controls, and, curiously enough, the one thing financiers do not understand is their own economic mechanism. Thus to-day, thanks to Mr. Churchill and the

finance of M. Klotz in France, we are one year nearer to the European Soviet state, and it is merely a matter of mathematical computation how long the bayonet or credit can survive its own insolvency. Such is the problem. America wisely washes her hands of the muddle. Japan is unlikely to fling away the profits made in our war for the gamble of a national war, for her credit or security would be our bankruptcy. It is a world economic *impasse*, the fruits of the Paris Treaty.

When we realise the truth of M. Clemenceau's own remark that victory was "Pyrrhic," we shall begin to tackle the problem, not before. Europe cannot be regrouped militarily under the capitalist system, that is all, because if Europe cannot produce or trade Europe cannot live. And no matter what politicians say or do, we shall have to come down to facts and revise the Treaty or continue to fight—for a will-o'-the-wisp. Constantinople is pre-eminently such a light. We cannot control all Europe, any more than Rome could or Napoleon could, though we might for a space, given the full support of America. But that is a question of security which is precisely the condition we are destroying. We have economically played Lenin's game above, as he has played it from below, and so to-day we almost equate. The more the financiers fight Russia, the more they are underpinning their own structure. If Labour here wants to get into power this year, let it support Mr. Churchill's war against Russia, and by the end of the year the cock of the *Herald* will be crowing in Downing Street. Then the new military creations will collapse because no nation can finance them. All that Labour has to do is to egg on Mr. Churchill to egg on Poland to war and Islam to revolt, and in a year's time England will be Sinn Fein—ourselves alone in the old rigid policy of isolation. A little Jesuitism, that is all Labour needs, if it wants to govern. In March we ought to know, because, if Mr. Lloyd George again refuses to tackle the debt in the new Budget, then Lenin need worry no longer—the new order will be born, introduced by the very politicians who thought they were saving capitalism by undermining its mechanism.

The (Dr.) H. A. Barker Scandal

By "Given up, now Cured"

It is many years now since The English Review first publicly pointed out the remarkable work being done by Mr. H. A. Barker, the "bonesetter." Since then other publications have from time to time referred to what scientifically is to-day recognised as a scandal, the fact that this man who has helped so many hundreds of stricken people cannot put up a "plate" on his door simply because he is not a qualified M.D.

When war broke out, officers were actually barred from soliciting his healing mercies, but that ban could not be upheld. Too many men were suffering from the effects of wounds, from adhesions and dislocations, and so little by little these sufferers found Mr. Barker, and in a startling majority of cases their pains were cured. Long before 1918 the name of Barker was proverbial in "Broken Street." The officers sought him out by the score. At his house one met everyone, admirals and midshipmen with "slipt cartilages," lords and ladies in distress, the rich, the poor, and doctors too. "Go to Barker" is heard even in the profession as well as among the laity. His complete cures would fill a fat volume of cases. He could not get through his work, yet still the medical "ring" refused him recognition, and then one day an attempt was made to deprive him of his anæsthetist.

This singular vendetta, for it must be so described, at last shows signs of being "raised," like the blockade. No fewer than three hundred M.P.'s have filed a petition, asking for an honorary medical degree. The thing clearly cannot stop there. Something now must be done, and what must be done is to confer this belated due honour upon him. It is a scientific question, and in delaying its solution the profession is seriously compromising itself not only in the eyes of the public, but before the bar of science. For it is no longer a question of doubt. The proof of Mr. Barker's skill—genius is the real word, for his work

is personal—lies in the healthy bodies of so many men and women, many previously "given up" by the profession, that it may be questioned whether to-day any surgeon would publicly dispute the great service he has rendered to humanity and the astonishing nature and number of his "cures."

What possible reason can there be then in delaying recognition? For the matter is to-day a public responsibility. If the profession continues to refuse Mr. Barker the degree needful for a plate, it will discredit itself, and the matter will have to be made a public issue. When nearly half the House of Commons petitions the profession in their own scientific cause, the ring or Board cannot with decency refuse to be scientific on the ground of a technicality. If they do, people will draw their own inferences, and these inferences will not be flattering to a body of men whose glorious mission it is to allay human sufferings; who first and foremost are expected to be scientific. It is not what they think about the right of a man to practise without a degree (what would they say were the Saviour to appear and heal the sick?) that matters; what matters is the fact that Mr. Barker does alleviate an immense amount of suffering, performing almost miracles in this respect, and that to wage war upon such a man is positively an unsocial act.

These are not days of anathema, and a body whose purpose is science, which persecutes a fellow-healer, not because he does not heal but simply because as a young man he did not pass the regulation examinations, is committing itself to a form of ostracism reflecting little credit upon the science and humanity of its sponsors. What it amounts to is professional excommunication. The profession refuses a man the dignity of his office because he is not technically "one of them," and that no matter how efficient he is or how many crippled beings have passed through his hands and been made whole again. Were it not so ludicrous, this medical conservatism would be inconceivable, but because it is funny and because the public wisely take no notice of the "ban," nothing is done, the scandal continues. Surgeons sometimes send their own patients to Mr. Barker, and now Parliament intervenes and a wondering public wants to know what the "ring" are going to do about osteopathy.

In the name of science and humanity, let this farce end. All that is needed is for the profession to grant him his degree, which surely now dare no longer be withheld. To Mr. Barker, this degree of honour is his life's work. A grateful country can do but little in reward for his great and long services. It can, however, see that he gets it, just that right to put up a plate to show that, if he has not passed his exams., at least he has passed into Harley Street. Few surgeons could pass his anatomical exams., as they will readily admit. Their duty is to admit him now to their ranks without more ado, and so give proof of their willingness to welcome genius, with or without a school diploma, for such is their duty to science and to the community.

The excuse that an exception cannot be made in the case of a man who did not undergo the usual course of training is absurd. Exceptions prove the rule. And to say that no man is to heal unless he has been a medical student is purely unscientific and anti-social. Mr. Barker deserves a Baronetcy, if ever any man in the last ten years did, for social services. But at least it is time the farce was ended of treating him as a "quack" and a pariah because he did not learn his trade in the schools That "rag" has lasted too long.

The Success of "Abraham Lincoln"

THE success of *Abraham Lincoln* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, is one of those mysterious things that sometimes happen. All Mayfair went to see it. Hammersmith became a nightly pilgrimage for the West-end. The profiteers flocked to see the rugged simplicity of Lincoln, and the "jazz" set went; even, it is said, some of the conspirators of Paris as if to get a hint how not to do it.

If not a great play, it is the work of a poet, and therein lies its appeal. It has deeply moving moments, pictures rather than scenes; thus Grant blowing out the candles while the President is asleep in his chair; the opening before the fire; the figure of the negro; the dramatic expulsion of the "no mercy" war lady by the great man, and the sustained illusion of another age and of so uncontroversially different principles.

How came this artistic thing to seize the imagination of a public which, we are assured, will only tolerate frivolity? Lincoln is not an English hero. He himself is the antithesis to the modern statesman with his telephones, cars, secretaries, and hotels. He hardly talks the modern language, judged by the commercial standards of our time. Thus just before a Cabinet meeting he asks his friend to read aloud a page of Artemus Ward, which surely was the last thing that occurred to President Wilson in Paris or to Mr. Lloyd George before he went there. Indeed, the atmosphere of Drinkwater's play is "prehistoric." Principle is the thing, not principal. Men are big, spacious, magnanimous to their foes, and one of the great moments in this episodial drama is Grant's generosity to the defeated General Lee. Lincoln's whole work is in the strongest possible contrast to the work of the politicians at Paris. It is in this respect like a dream-play. Were men so great then? Can men be so small now? Such is the indelible impression as the curtain falls. We emerge with the "choke" of manly little boys quitting St. George in *Where the Rainbow Ends.*

Did people journey to Hammersmith, lured thither by poetry. Hardly. Nor is there a comic side, and the drama is always refractive rather than essential. In reality, Lincoln was not unlike Paul Krüger—was the draw politics? Again, this is inconceivable. What then is the reason of this phenomenon? Are we returning, as the result of war, to Shakespeare?

The explanation surely lies in psychology. Lincoln came on at the moment of our release, and in this indomitable hempen figure of truth and humanity men saw, as it were, a mirror of themselves; of what they had suffered and won to, of what perhaps in their souls they hoped their civilisation would attest to. Before the war this play could scarcely have been understood, but in the year 1919 Lincoln's troubles were every man's troubles, and his cause was our cause; and in his victory we saw our own victory.

He was unwittingly the public's idol of Paris. He was Mr. Wilson on the stage; Mr. Lloyd George remodelling the world; liberating the oppressed, abolishing slavery, he was the epitome of the League of Nations. He hit us in our historical Puritan's wind. He seemed to incarnate our purpose, our usefulness, our sacrifice. He was the *alter ego* of the Press, the saving grace of our councillors. This nobility—was it not ours? Such dignity, it was our tradition. This man of government of the people for the people and by the people—was this not the "new order" promised by our politicians, nay, actually being made in Paris by the People's representatives? And so Lincoln became the stuff our dreams are made of. Our mirror, we saw in him Britain. We went to Hammersmith to see what we thought to be ourselves, and precisely because it was so different from what we had thought and feared we marvelled; we attested, we confirmed. Lincoln caught the castigated soul of London at the hour of its release.

When Louis read Beaumarchais' play, he said: "If this is true, the Bastille ought to be burnt down." Within a fortnight of those words it was burnt down. So with Drinkwater's play. In 1915, it would have been hissed; in 1917, it would have been denounced; but in 1919, it was—*life*; our escape, our triumph, our justification. Discreetly, it flattered both pride and prejudice. Its austerity gave it that pulpit significance which is of the very bone

of our democracy. This sweet, chaste, pleasant harmony, fretting the muted chords of long continence after four years of war, it was the call of spring, the artist's hymnal, at once a requiem and a hosannah; why, yes, it was man's deliverance from "the *Daily War Cry*."

And so, just as men when they are really thirsty crave water, not Burgundy, and when they are very hungry they want bread, not oysters, the public turned to Lincoln and to the simplicities of the pre-capitalist era. "Society" partook of Lincoln as on Sundays they listen to an organ recital, and the Lyric became a religious festival. And truly there is in this play a delicious sense of righteousness. We bathe in its pure waters, vicariously. In Lincoln, we have a specifically English mind, a Bunyan, a Cromwell, and in his wisdom we receive our own impersonal purification. Impossible to leave the theatre dissatisfied. It acts like a confessional; its understanding is our benediction. Thus, truly, Mr. Drinkwater has achieved a national triumph, greater than any sermon, or newspaper, or Parliament or Covenant has been able to achieve: he has given us back an historical perspective, held before us the glass of our true purpose and shown us, with a poet's grace, how it is done.

The truth is, we are still Puritans at heart, and Lincoln struck that note at the psychological moment. It would be a mistake to argue from this symptomatic success a great recrudescence of dramatic art. Its significance is more truly important. It is that England still responds to its intrinsic truth, and that when this association is expressed in art, our genius reacts to poetry and through poetry to the humanities. S. O.

Books

FICTION.

COUSIN PHILIP. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. Collins. 7*s.* net.

IT is distinctly piquant to find one of the chief protagonists of the no votes for women campaign dealing with the post-war damsel and all the subversive conditions of the reconstruction era, and those who may have expected a painful exposure of post-diluvian slime should take courage from Mrs. Humphry Ward's conception of social conditions in which "*plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.*" The new girl, who has driven ambulance cars in uniform, and who bears so strong an outward likeness to Romney's Lady Hamilton, makes just one bid for freedom, and, being headed off, submits and licks the hand of her guardian cousin, Philip, eventually falling to the charms of another cousin, camouflaged as a Labour Member, who gives her courses in Bergson. Cousin Philip, the guardian, is Philip Bliss, Lord Buntingford, too lame for active service, but not too lame to wear a Commander's three rings at the Admiralty; his is the spirit of the old aristocracy; he is tall, dark, bearded, exquisitely polite, inherently sad, but strong in emergency, as when he, with members of his house party, suppress a revolutionary mob, or when he confronts the missing wife of his nonage, who inconveniently turns up and obligingly dies, leaving him with a deaf-mute son —the appropriate result of a mésalliance. The son is a godsend to yet another cousin, Cynthia Welwyn, who confesses to maturity, and has long had hopes; she cherishes the unhappy child, and eventually secures a passionless bliss with Cousin Philip, who is to take his natural place in politics, and, we presume, go on suppressing anarchy. There is, of course, a pleasant country-house atmosphere, done in Mrs. Humphry Ward's skilful and comprehensive manner, with asides and soliloquies to put the reader wise. This is a book which will charm a large and influential circle.

CANDLES IN SUNSHINE. By J. M. STUART-YOUNG. Arthur Stockwell. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

"CANDLES IN SUNSHINE" is a title which appeals by its modesty, for, however far the little candle may shoot its beam by night, it dies the death in the sunshine of authentic Apollo; also in the West African sun—the place of origin of Mr. Stuart-Young's poems—candles have a way of losing their temperate form and bowing to the genius loci: a not very pleasant earth-god. From this fate, however, the present poet has altogether escaped, and twenty years of Africa have left him a good European; but his is a tantalising muse, which rises here and there to real heights and true nobility, to decline into luxuriant verbiage; still, one hopes for, and occasionally finds, authentic glimpses in a flow of versatile facility. The lyrics, for

example, are too often the more acceptable thing, and one feels that Mr. Stuart-Young has far better things in him. He is still a young man and a busy man of affairs, and this volume is an earnest of something far more significant which may come with maturity and leisure, although we are told that he is laying aside his lyre in the stress of empire-making. Others have had the same allusion.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. By EDGAR ALLAN POE. Illustrated by HARRY CLARKE. London: C. G. Harrap. 15*s.* net.

CERTAINLY the finest edition that I remember of "the best short stories in the world." Mr. Clarke has an imaginative genius that has here found its ideal subject; the result is an amazing display of horror and virtuosity. He founds himself frankly upon the Beardsley tradition, imposing thereon, however, an added touch of grotesquerie, seen at its best in the admirable fooling of his illustration to "Lionizing," a piece of pure humour that one could contemplate for hours. Elsewhere, the grim is naturally his first object, and it must be confessed that in this he has succeeded as perhaps no other living artist could have done; so much so, that those to whom Poe's tales are still unfamiliar will here enjoy the best possible introduction; while those who have already supped full of their antique horrors will find appetite rekindled. Mr. Clarke is certainly to be congratulated; though I may permit myself the caution that he has produced a volume which (in households especially that contain nervous children, or such as sleep not o' nights) is rather for the chained shelf than for indiscriminate circulation. Tribute could hardly go further!

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

MY SECOND COUNTRY (FRANCE). By ROBERT DELL. John Lane. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

To some Englishmen, France has an irresistible attraction, and, of course, most writers and artists have found their "spiritual" home in Paris Bohemianism at one time or another, yet to most of us the real France is a closed book. It is a difficult thing to know a foreign country, but Mr. Dell knows his France, loves her, and because he loves her he can appraise her fearlessly. Sometimes one may be suspicious of his generalisations; what he says about French sanitary matters is true, yet France is astonishingly healthy; but, on the whole, Mr. Dell has written a cultured and useful book about a country it is most important for us henceforth to understand. As he shows, France is run by finance on the support of the *bourgeois.* who is an inordinately selfish and conservative person. The Parisian Press is notoriously venal; the law is quaint, to put it mildly; in many ways France is fifty years behind civilisation, if intellectually she is always in front of it. What the author says about France's financial quagmire should be studied thoughtfully. He sees the Socialist revolution coming, as the inevitable result of *bourgeois* selfishness and stupidity in economic conditions which admit of no solution. This is certainly a highly informative book about France worthy of careful study in the light of coming events, political and economic.

THE LONDON VENTURE. By MICHAEL ARLEN. Heinemann. 4*s.* net.

QUITE a number of young men might have written this little book, but they are all of one particular type, and Mr. Michael Arlen's distinction lies in that he has been quite the first of them to throw off the inertia which with them appears to be an essential and enduring characteristic. The style of it is the man—dillettantesque, bohemian, mocking; that of a connoisseur in life without any illusions about it, and yet retaining a genuine concern for art and with the money to support it. The intellectual and social experiences immediately following upon the arrival in London of a rather wayward-mooded youth from a public school, and his relations with one or two unconventional though perfectly harmless women, are described in prose that is always engaging, and usually of a definite literary quality. There is really no beginning and no ending to the essays; it is almost as if we had listened to a rather intimate, if tantalising, revelation over an after-dinner cigar at the chambers of one whom we have never previously met on such terms, and to whom we listen with the comfortable feeling that it is but the prelude to many pleasant hours. Mr. Arlen's book also, we hope, is such a prelude.

T. M.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

PRACTICAL HINTS ON PLAY-WRITING. By AGNES PLATT. Stanley Paul. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

"THE reported discovery of a middle-aged man who had never tried to write a play is now denied." This is the kind of jest that seems to spring eternal in the paragraphs of our humorists, and with only too obvious reason. Because, therefore, of the multiplicity of would-be dramatists, I have no hesitation in predicting a wide welcome for the modest little book, written by that clever lady, MISS AGNES PLATT, whom doubtless many of the ambitious in this direction already know as one combining a working knowledge of modern drama from the inside, with an infectious and helpful enthusiasm for its art. I shall say no more than that she has contrived to put both these qualities into her writing, with the result of producing in pocket form what is at once a genuine guide for the aspirant (at last the epithet "practical" has not been misapplied), and an entertaining treatise on stage conditions for the mere observer. To what extent it may transfer readers from one class to another remains a matter between MISS PLATT and her conscience; at least, none will be able to complain afterwards that the difficulties of a fascinating task were either minimised or overlooked.

MILITARY AND NAVAL.

THE GUNROOM. By CHARLES LANGBRIDGE MORGAN. Black, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

RARELY do we have anything authentic about the "silent" Service which is conventionally staged and written up on a formula. But in this book a voice speaks from the depths, and what it deals

with is the brutality of the organised bullying of the "snotties" by the subs. It is a tradition—that is the point. The midshipmen must be licked into shape, and so their first year is "hell," on the obvious theory that the men in a purely killing machine must be hardened into mental insensibility. This is no boy's book. The author is a thinker. He describes with much skill what is called "evolutions," which would seem indefensible. He shows the deterioration in mind that sets in as a result, the absence of culture in any shape, the whoremongering in the ports, the deadening effect of the system which deliberately sets out to crush idea and all intellectual interest. The subject is difficult, for of course the object of the Service is to breed fighters, not thinkers; but to-day this attitude can hardly hold. When Sir Percy Scott and Lord Fisher write their reminiscences, which in reality are indictments of our naval system, may not the reason for that terrible conservatism of which they so rightly complain, that scientific inefficiency almost ludicrously revealed in Admiral Scott's book, lie precisely there, in that gunroom terrorism which, beginning with the midshipmen, turns out a machine without a head? One would like to hear these Admirals on this book, for the war has shown this truth. It is not the machine men who fought best, witness the Canadians and Australians, the cockneys and the Scots, who never had any war training. And when the hero of this book is sent up to be beaten for writing poetry, let us not forget the power of Rupert Brooke, a "mere" poet. The truth is, this gunroom brutality is absurd to-day. It should be suppressed. Indeed, the whole problem of the life of the men in the Navy requires thorough investigation.

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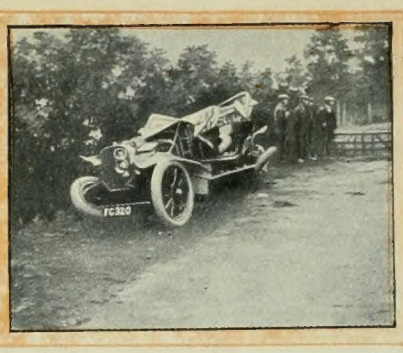

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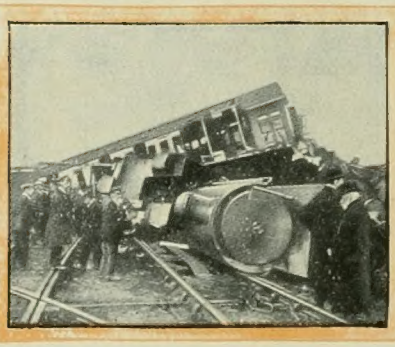

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